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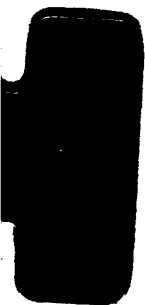
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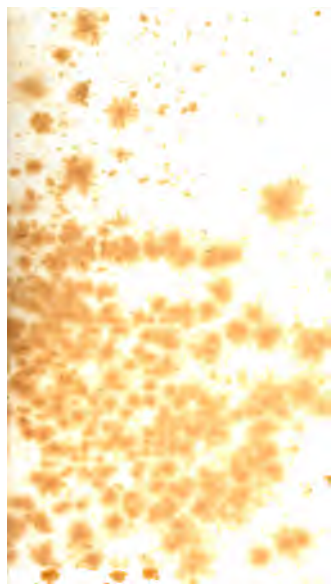
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King Edward the Third.

A HISTORICAL PLAY.

By WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.



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18/6

(Lentil soup, for date 18/6)
only

King Edward the Third:

A HISTORICAL PLAY.

ATTRIBUTED BY EDWARD CAPELL

TO

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE,

AND NOW PROVED TO BE HIS WORK

BY

J. PAYNE COLLIER.

REPRINTED FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION ONLY.

T. RICHARDS, 37, GREAT QUEEN STREET.

1874.

PREFACE.

THE history of this Play, as far as it is known, may be very briefly told.

The first we hear of it is in the Registers of the Company of Stationers under the date of

“Primo Die Decemb. 1595.

“Cuthbert Burby entred &c. a book intituled Edward the Third and the Blacke Prince, their warres with Kinge John of Fraunce.”

Cuthbert Burby was the elder brother of Richard Burbadge, the great actor, and his name, as Cuthbert Burbidge, is sometimes so written in the Stationers' Registers; as, for instance, on 5th May, as early as 1592, when he published a book under the title of “A Direction for Travellers”: at a later date his name seems to have been spelt Burby.

The play he entered in December 1595 was published in 1596, under the following title :

"The Raigne of King Edward the third. As it hath bin fundrie times plaied about the Citie of London. London. Printed for Cuthbert Burby. 1596." 4to.

As Cuthbert and Richard were brothers, the one a bookseller of repute, and the other an actor of eminence, we may not unreasonably suppose that the play found its way to the press through the person who, doubtless, had sustained the principal part in it on the stage : no company nor theatre are mentioned, and we may conclude, as stated on the title-page, that "Edward the Third", printed in 1596, had been performed in various theatres of the metropolis. Richard Burbadge, when he died in 1619, had shares in the Curtain playhouse in Shoreditch, as well as in the Globe in Southwark. After the building of the latter in 1594, he still retained his shares in the "Curtain": it is also very possible that he had an interest in what was specifically called "the Theatre", likewise in Shoreditch. The play-house in Blackfriars was considerably older than the Globe ; and we know, from many sources, that inn-yards, as at the Belle Sauvage on Ludgate

Hill, at the Bull in Smithfield, etc., had been often temporarily employed as theatres. These were most likely some of the places "about the city of London" where "Edward the Third" had been acted by Richard Burbadge and others before it was printed for his brother in 1596.

We derive no more distinct information from the second edition of 1599, although at that date, and still earlier, the Globe Theatre was in the hands of the theatrical servants of the Lord Chamberlain; and, in or before 1597, Shakespeare's "Richard the Second" had been produced there. So of his "Richard the Third", printed in the same year, and both, like "Edward the Third", without any author's name on the title-pages. We know of no impression of the last subsequent to that of 1599, but it may nevertheless have been reprinted, for it was more than once re-entered on the books of the Stationers' Company.

On this account it may seem strange that it did not find a place in the folio Shakespeare of 1623. Heminge and Condell must surely have known of its existence; and although it has been suggested, that it was purposely omitted in order not to offend the

king by the ridicule of the Scotch, yet the reason appears inadequate. Still, as the editors of the folio 1623 could hardly have forgotten a drama on such a popular theme, and so often acted and printed, we must, in all probability, continue in the dark upon a point of no little importance: we are to recollect, however, that no early writer has hinted at the authorship of Shakespeare in it; and that "Edward the Third" obtained no place even in the folio of 1664, which professed to supply dramas in the composition of which our great dramatist might have had a share.

When "Edward the Third" was republished in 1599, the name of the printer and the address of the bookseller (still called Burby, and not Burbidge, as in 1592) were the only material variations in the title-page from the previous impression. On the title-pages of the second editions of Shakespeare's "Richard the Second" and "Richard the Third" in 1598, his names were first inserted; but, even a year afterwards, they are absent from the title-page of "Edward the Third": it ran thus in 1599:

"The Raigne of King Edward the Third. As it hath bene sundry times played about the Citie of London. Im-

printed at London by Simon Stafford for Cuthbert Burby :
And are to be sold at his shop neere the Royall Exchange.
1599." 4to.

We have no proof of the fact, but we may safely infer that the bookfeller's younger brother Richard Burbadge, who never altered his name, was, as already stated, the representative, as one of the Lord Chamberlain's servants, of the leading part in "Edward the Third", in or before 1596: we know that he acted "Richard the Third" in or before 1597. Considering that Cuthbert and Richard were brothers, it is a remarkable fact that the name of the former is never connected with the publication of any plays, avowedly the production of Shakespeare, with the exception of "Love's Labour's Lost", 1598, and "Romeo and Juliet, 1599". It is just possible that he had offended by the republication of "Edward the Third" in 1599, and that he was therefore never again permitted to have any concern in our great dramatist's later works. Cuthbert Burbadge, as we know, survived until after 1634, when arms were granted to him; and in 1623 he might still have retained his property in "Edward the Third", and might refuse

to allow it to be inserted by Heminge and Condell in their folio. This, however, is mere speculation; but even the change of the name by the older of the two may have arisen out of a wish to make and preserve a distinction between the brothers.

As far as we now know, Edward Capell printed "Edward the Third" for *the third time* in 1760, one hundred and sixty-one years after the appearance of the second edition. He deserves all credit for his notion, and for giving effect to it; although he assigns no reason for his opinion that it was by Shakespeare, beyond the general assertion, in which we entirely agree, that in 1596, "there was no other known writer equal to such a play." If it seem strange that every edition of Shakespeare, from the folio of 1623 to the time even of Capell, should be without it, it is still stranger that, after attention had been directed to it in 1760, it was nevertheless thereafter utterly neglected. Even Capell himself did not include it in his ten volumes of 1767; Steevens did not insert it in his "Twenty Quartos" of 1766; and Malone made not the slightest reference to it in his "Supplement" of 1780.

Nobody has yet gone the length of asserting that

"Edward the Third" was indisputably by Shakespeare; and convinced as we are that his great hand and mind are to be seen in it from beginning to end, still we think that he may have pursued in this case the not unusual practice of taking up some older drama, on the same popular subject, and of adding to it and strengthening it by the erasure of whole acts, scenes, or prominent passages, and by the insertion of substitutions from his own abundant stores of thought and invention. This supposition may account for the weakness and general inferiority of portions, which might possibly have been preserved by way of contrast, or because the hasty requirements of the theatre, for which Shakespeare always wrote, forbade greater delay. The whole drama, collated with the two ancient impressions, is now in the hands of the reader; and he will be able, without much difficulty, to distinguish the separate portions, those which our great dramatist unquestionably contributed, and those which he was content should remain as in the older copy which he employed. From all that has come down to us, whether as history or composition, it appears unlikely, that Shakespeare ever wrote Comedy, History, or Tra-

gedy conjointly, and contemporaneously, with then living dramatists.

There is one particular species of evidence, to prove that Shakespeare was really the author of "Edward the Third", which has never been adverted to, and yet is *absolutely decisive upon the point*. We allude to the number of times that in later plays he has fallen upon the same thoughts and expressions as those he had previously employed in the "history" before us. They will be found in some cases absolutely identical; and as it is not for a moment to be supposed that he stole from earlier dramatists, and thus became one of the most bare-faced plagiarists upon record, we must necessarily assign to him the drama in which the thought and words originally occurred, and thus establish his claim to the authorship of "Edward the Third". In considering this point, we must always bear in mind, that that "history", after having been played at sundry times in various parts of London, was printed a year before the publication of any known drama by Shakespeare. We take it to have been one of his early efforts, containing the clearest and strongest proofs of the variety, fertility, and

vigour of his intellect. As the whole play is here reproduced, we shall only think it necessary to select a few instances, omitting various others, though perhaps equally strong and obvious. Our first direct proof of the kind is derived from "Measure for Measure", which was not published until it appeared in the folio of 1623, and, in all probability, was written posterior to the year 1600. The Duke there (Act III, sc. 1) tells Claudio to "reason thus with life":—

*"Merely thou art death's fool;
For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,
And yet run'st toward him still."*

In "Edward the Third", the Prince of Wales replies, almost in the same words, to old Audley, who, like the Duke in "Measure for Measure", has been dissenting on the absurdity of dreading death;

*"Ah! what an idiot hast thou made of life,
To seek the thing it fears."*

We take a second instance, quite as convincing, from another part of "Measure for Measure" (Act II,

sc. 4), where Ifabella is endeavouring to move Angelo to show mercy to her brother : he replies,

“Ha ! Fye on these filthy vices ! It were as good
To pardon him that hath from nature stolen
A man already made, as to remit
Their faucy sweetnesss, *that do coin heaven's image*
In flamps that are forbid.”

So, when Edward the Third solicits the Countess of Salisbury to wrong her absent husband by admitting him to her bed, she exclaims indignantly,

“And will your sacred self
Commit high treason 'gainst the King of Heaven,
To stamp his image in forbidden metal ?”

“Love's Labour's Lost” was published in 1598, and has been generally looked upon as one of our great dramatist's more juvenile productions, so that it may, in point of date as a composition, have even preceded “Edward the Third”; but whether earlier or later, there is a line in both that, although differently applied, shows that Shakespeare either wrote it or repeated it, viz. (Act 1, sc. 1),

“Light, seeking light, doth light of light beguile.”

Biron is here referring to the light of the sun, but the King in “Edward the Third” applies it

to the brilliancy of the beauty of the Countess of Salisbury, which, he declares, destroys light like the brightness of the sun's beams :—

“Now in the sun alone it doth not lie
With light to take light from a mortal eye.”

The application is different, but the illustration the same. One of the most remarkable resemblances occurs in “Hamlet”, which was first printed in 1603, and may be set down as a drama of about the middle period of the theatrical career of our great poet. In Act II, sc. 2, all commentators have been puzzled by the following broken speech of the hero addressed to Polonius, “For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog, being a good *kissing carrion*, —— Have you a daughter?” It was Warburton's suggestion (so happy that Johnson declared “it almost placed the critic on a level with the author”) that we should read “a *god kissing carrion*”; and he was undoubtedly right, as we may see by the following quotation from “Edward the Third”, where the very same words are used, referring to the hot sun shining upon flesh that it has corrupted :

“The freshest summer's day doth soonest taint
The loathed carrion that it seems to kiss.”

These are not fancied, or far-fetched resemblances of style or language : it is not imitation, it is identity : no two authors could have hit so exactly upon the same thoughts, and expressed them in the same words. Here (as in the other places already pointed out) Shakespeare repeated what he had previously said in "Edward the Third". We could easily add to these illustrations, but in going through the drama they will occur to every reader of Shakespeare's acknowledged productions. All we contend for is that, independently of any general question of style and manner, they establish that the author of "Measure for Measure", of "Love's Labour's Lost", and of "Hamlet", must also have been the author of "Edward the Third", unless, as nobody will for a moment believe, he was "the gross purloiner of another's wit." We apprehend that no inquirer into the authenticity of the works of Shakespeare, either at home or abroad, has hitherto touched, in this respect, upon his claims to the authorship of "Edward the Third". The mere question is, was our great dramatist a poet or a plagiarist? Did he write the passages we have quoted from "Edward the Third", or did he purloin

the thoughts and expressions there found, and palm them upon the world as his own in dramas which, beyond all dispute, came from his own pen and were printed with his own name ?

We have said nothing of the wonderful beauty of particular scenes and passages : they speak for themselves ; and no reader of poetic feeling, and ordinary judgment, can fail to dwell upon them in the ensuing pages. The play is, in fact, in two portions ; the main scenes of the first being founded upon the novel of the Countess of Salisbury in "Painter's Palace of Pleasure", while the business of the second portion is derived from Holinshed's Chronicle, who took his materials from Froissart. The first two acts are all love and passion ; the last three acts all war, bustle, and change of scene, in the most vigorous style of our great dramatist ; unless we except some smaller portions, especially towards the close, where Shakespeare seems to have allowed more scope to the original author of the play upon which, as we imagine, he worked. Some of the descriptions of military scenes and incidents are most vivid and animating ; and here and there, even in the weakest speeches, the hand of Shakespeare seems to have

thrown in a spirit and energy beyond the reach of the prior dramatist. Audley's argument against life, to which we have already adverted, and Prince Edward's answer, which so exactly corresponds with a noted passage in "Measure for Measure", occur not far from the end of the play: the same may be said of the Black Prince's most characteristic address where, in a manner so astonishingly Shakespearian, he makes light of the overwhelming numbers of the enemy. As one of the striking evidences that the play was by the author of "Lucrece", which had been printed two years earlier than "Edward the Third" (and again the year before the second edition of the play), we may quote the clear allusion to the poem, put into the mouth of the King, upon which nobody has hitherto remarked. It is in these words, addressed to the kneeling Countess of Salisbury, in admiration of her courage and virtue:—

"Arise, true English lady; whom our isle
May better boast of, than e'er Roman might
*Of her whose ransack'd treasury hath tasked
The vain endeavour of so many pens.*"

One of those "many pens" was, of course, that of

Shakespeare, who was as undoubtedly the author of "Edward the Third", as of "King John", or perhaps of "Richard the Second".

Elsewhere there is an allusion to Marlowe's "Hero and Leander" (published, as we are persuaded anterior to 1598, though no such edition is now known), where the curious misprint of *helly spout*, for "Hellefpont", occurs, and which was absurdly repeated by Capell in 1760, and by Dr. Delius in 1854: we venture to say that the latter will never again speak of "Edward the Third" as one of the *Pseudo-Shakesperische Dramen*.

It ought to be stated that this reprint in the precise form and style of the original (in which most convenient and becoming form and style we should be glad to see all Shakespeare's other plays reproduced), has been made not at the editor's cost, but at the expense of a zealous friend, who has already done much for the illustration of one of our great dramatist's noblest and most popular tragedies.

J. P. C.

Maidenhead, May 1st, 1874.

KING EDWARD THE THIRD.

A HISTORICAL PLAY.

[BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.]

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

EDWARD THE THIRD.

EDWARD, PRINCE OF WALES.

EARLS OF WARWICK, DERBY, SALISBURY.

LORDS AUDLEY, PERCY, MONTFORT.

SIR WILLIAM MOUNTAGUE, SIR JOHN COPLAND.

LODOWICK, *the King's Poet and Secretary.*

TWO ESQUIRES: HERALD.

GOBIN DE GREY.

JOHN, KING OF FRANCE.

CHARLES AND PHILIP, *his sons.*

DUKE OF LORRAINE.

ROBERT OF ARTOIS, AND VILLIERS, *French Lords.*

KING OF BOHEMIA.

A POLISH CAPTAIN. ANOTHER CAPTAIN.

TWO CITIZENS AND AN INHABITANT OF CALAIS.

A MARINER, HERALDS, AND FRENCHMEN

DAVID, KING OF SCOTLAND.

EARL DOUGLAS AND TWO MESSENGERS.

PHILIPPA, QUEEN TO KING EDWARD.

COUNTESS OF SALISBURY.

FRENCH WOMAN. ATTENDANTS.

Scene in England, France, and Flanders.

KING EDWARD THE THIRD.

ACT I. SCENE I.

London. A State-room in the Palace. Flourish.

Enter KING EDWARD, *followed by* EDWARD PRINCE OF WALES, WARWICK, DERBY, AUDLEY, ARTOIS, *and others.*

K. Edw. Robert of Artois, banish'd though thou be,
From France, thy native country, yet with us
Thou shalt retain as great a signiory ;
For we create thee Earl of Richmond here :
And now go forwards with our pedigree.
Who next succeeded [to] Philip le Beau ?

Art. Three sons of his, which all successively
Did sit upon their father's regal throne,
Yet died, and left no issue of their loins.

K. Edw. But was my mother sister unto those ?

Art. She was, my lord ; and only Isabelle
Was all the daughters that this Philip had ;
Whom afterward your father took to wife,
And from the fragrant garden of her womb
Your gracious self, the flower of Europe's hope,

Derived is inheritor to France.
But note the rancour of rebellious minds :
When thus the lineage of le Beau was out,
The French obscur'd your mother's privilege,
And, though she were the next of blood, proclaimed
John of the house of Valois, now their king.
The reason was, they say, the realm of France,
Replete with princes of great parentage,
Ought not admit a governor to rule,
Except he be descended of the male ;
And that's the special ground of their contempt,
Wherewith they study to exclude your grace :
But they shall find that forged ground of theirs
To be but dusty heaps of brittle sand.
Perhaps it will be thought a heinous thing,
That I, a Frenchman, should discover this ;
But heaven I call to record of my vows,
It is not hate, nor any private wrong,
But love unto my country and the right
Provokes my tongue thus lavish in report.
You are the lineal watchman of our peace,
And John of Valois indirectly climbs :
What then should subjects but embrace their king ?
And wherein may our duty more be seen
Than, striving to rebate a tyrant's pride,
Place the true shepherd of our commonwealth ?
K. Edw. This counsel, Artois, like to fruitful showers,
Hath added growth unto my dignity ;
And by the fiery vigour of thy words,
Hot courage is engender'd in my breast,
Which heretofore was rak'd in ignorance,

But now doth mount with golden wings of fame,
And will approve fair Isabelle's descent
Able to yoke their stubborn necks with steel
That spurn against my sovereignty in France.

[Cornet sounded within.]

A messenger! Lord Audley, know from whence.

[Exit AUDLEY, who re-enters.]

Aud. The Duke of Loraine, having cross'd the seas,
Entreats he may have conference with your highness.

K. Edw. Admit him, lords, that we may hear the news.

[Exeunt LORDS. The KING takes his state.]

Re-enter LORDS, with LORRAINE.

Say, Duke of Loraine, wherefore art thou come?

Lor. The most renowned prince, King John of France,
Doth greet thee, Edward; and by me commands,
That for so much as by his liberal gift
The Guyenne dukedom is entail'd to thee,
Thou do him lowly homage for the same:
And for that purpose, here I summon thee
Repair to France within these forty days,
That there, according as the custom is,
Thou may'st be sworn true liegeman to the king,
Or else thy title in that province dies,
And he himself will repossess the place.

K. Edw. See how occasion laughs me in the face!
No sooner minded to prepare for France,
But straight I am invited; nay, with threats
Upon a penalty enjoin'd to come.
'Twere but a foolish part to say him nay.—
Lorraine, return this answer to thy lord:
I mean to visit him, as he requests;

But how ? Not fervilely dispos'd to bend,
But, like a conqueror, to make him bow.
His lame unpolish'd shifts are come to light,
And truth hath pull'd the vizor from his face,
That set a gloss upon his arrogance.
Dare he command a fealty in me ?
Tell him, the crown that he usurps is mine,
And where he sets his foot he ought to kneel.
'Tis not a petty dukedom that I claim,
But all the whole dominions of the realm,
Which if with grudging he refuse to yield
I'll take away those borrow'd plumes of his,
And send him naked to the wilderness.

Lor. Then, Edward, here, in spite of all thy lords,
I do pronounce defiance to thy face.

Prince Edw. Defiance, Frenchman ! We rebound it back
Even to the bottom of thy master's throat ;
And (be it spoke with reverence of the king,
My gracious father, and these other lords)
I hold thy message but as scurrilous,
And him that sent thee, like the lazy drone
Crept up by stealth unto the eagle's nest ;
From whence we'll shake him with so rough a storm,
As others shall be warned by his harm.

Warw. Bid him leave off the lion's case he wears,
Left, meeting with the lion in the field,
He chance to tear him piecemeal for his pride.

Art. The soundest counsel I can give his grace
Is to surrender, ere he be constrained :
A voluntary mischief hath less scorn,
Than when reproach with violence is born.

Lor. Regenerate traitor,¹ viper to the place
Where thou wast foster'd in thine infancy,

[*Drawing his sword.*

Bear'st thou a part in this conspiracy ?

K. Edw. Loraine, behold the sharpness of this steel.

[*Drawing his sword.*

Fervent desire that sits against my heart
Is far more thorny pricking than this blade,
That, with the nightingale, I shall be scarr'd
As oft as I dispose myself to rest,
Until my colours be display'd in France.
This is thy final answer ; so, begone.

Lor. It is not that, nor any English brave,
Afflicts me so as doth his poison'd view.
That is most false should most of all be true.

[*Exeunt LORAINÉ and followers.*

K. Edw. Now, lords, our fleeting bark is under sail :
Our gage is thrown, and war is soon begun,
But not so quickly brought unto an end.

Enter SIR WILLIAM MOUNTAGUE.

But wherefore comes Sir William Mountague ?
How stands the league between the Scot and us ?

Moun. Crack'd and dissever'd, my renowned lord.
The treacherous king no sooner was informed
Of your withdrawing of your army back,
But, straight forgetting of his former oath,
He made invasion on the bordering towns.
Berwick is won, Newcastle spoil'd and lost ;

¹ REGENERATE traitor.] May be right, but most likely a misprint for *degenerate*. In Richard II, Act I, sc. 1, Shakespeare has "recreant and most *degenerate* traitor".

And now the tyrant hath begirt with siege
The castle of Roxborough, where enclosed
The Countess Salisbury is like to perish.

K. Edw. That is thy daughter, Warwick, is it not,
Whose husband hath in Bretagne serv'd so long,
About the planting of Lord Montfort there?

War. It is, my lord.

K. Edw. Ignoble David! hast thou none to grieve
But silly ladies with thy threatening arms?
But I will make you shrink your snail horns.
First, therefore, Audley, let this be thy charge:
Go levy footmen for our wars in France.
And, Ned, take muster of our men at arms;
In every shire elect a several band.
Let them be soldiers of a lusty spirit,
Such as dread nothing but dishonour's blot:
Be wary, therefore, since we do commence
A famous war, and with so mighty a nation.
Derby, be thou ambassador for us
Unto our father-in-law, the Earl of Hainault:
Make him acquainted with our enterprise;
And likewise will him, with our own allies
That are in Flanders, to solicit, too,
The Emperor of Almaine in our name.
Myself, while you are jointly thus employed,
Will with these forces that I have at hand
March, and once more repulse the traitorous Scots.
But, sirs, be resolute: we shall have wars
On every side:—and, Ned, thou must begin
Now to forget thy study and thy books,
And ure thy shoulders to an armour's weight.

P. Edw. As cheerful sounding to my youthful spleen
This tumult is of war's increasing broils,
As at the coronation of a king
The joyful clamours of the people are,
When "Ave, Cæsar," they pronounce aloud.
Within this school of honour I shall learn
Either to sacrifice my foes to death,
Or in a rightful quarrel spend my breath.
Then, cheerfully forward ! each a several way :
In great affairs 'tis naught to use delay.

[Exeunt omnes.]

SCENE II.

Roxborough: before the Castle.

*Enter the COUNTESS OF SALISBURY and certain of her
people, upon the walls.*

Count. Alas ! how much in vain my poor eyes gaze
For succour that my sovereign should fend !
Ah, cousin Mountague, I fear thou wantest
The lively spirit sharply to solicit,
With vehement suit, the king in my behalf :
Thou dost not tell him what a grief it is
To be the scornful captive to a Scot ;
Either to be wooed with broad untuned oaths,
Or forced by rough insulting barbarism.
Thou dost not tell him, if he here prevail,
How much they will deride us in the north ;
And in their vile uncivil skipping jigs,
Bray forth their conquest and our overthrow,
Even in the barren, bleak, and fruitless air.

*Enter KING DAVID and Forces, with DOUGLAS,
LORAINÉ, and others.*

I muſt withdraw : the everlaſting foe
Comes to the wall. I'll cloſely ſtep aſide,
And liſt their babble,² blunt and full of pride. [*Retiring.*]

K. Dav. My lord of Loraine, to our brother of France
Commend us, as the man in Chriſtendom
Whom we moſt reverence, and entirely love.
Touching your embaſſage, return and ſay
That we with England will not enter parley,
Nor never make fair weather, or take truce,
But burn their neighbour towns, and ſo perſiſt
With eager roads beyond their city York :
And never ſhall our bonny riders reſt,
Nor ruſting canker³ have the time to eat
Their light born ſnaſſes, nor their nimble ſpurs ;
Nor lay aſide their jacks of gymold mail,
Nor hang their ſtaves of grained Scottiſh aſh
In peaceful wiſe upon their city walls ,
Nor from their button'd tawney leathern belts
Diſmiſs their biting whinyards, till your king
Cry out "Enough ! ſpare England now for pity."
Farewell ; and tell him that you leave us here
Before this caſtle : ſay, you came from us
Even when we had that yielded to our hands.

Lor. I take my leave, and fairly will return
Your acceptable greeting to my king. [*Exit.*]

² "Babble" of the 4to 1596 is miſprinted *rabble* in the 4to 1599.

³ Nor ruſting canker.] It is "Nor ruſt in canker" in both the old
copies : Capell's emendation.

K. Dav. Now, Douglas, to our former talk again,
For the division of this certain spoil.

Doug. My liege, I crave the lady and no more.

K. Dav. Nay, soft ye, sir ; first I must make my choice,
And first I do bespeak her for myself.

Doug. Why then, my liege, let me enjoy her jewels.

K. Dav. Those are her own, still liable to her ;
And who inherits her hath those withal.

Enter a MESSENGER, in haste.

Mes. My liege, as we were pricking on the hills
To fetch in booty, marching hitherward
We might descry a mighty host of men.
The sun, reflecting on the armour, shewed
A field of plate, a wood of pikes advanced :
Bethink your highness speedily herein.
An easy march within four hours will bring
The hindmost rank unto this place, my liege.

K. Dav. Dislodge, dislodge ! It is the King of England.

Doug. Jemmy, my man, saddle my bonny black.

K. Dav. Mean'st thou to fight ? Douglas, we are too weak.

Doug. I know it well, my liege, and therefore flee.

Count (coming forward). My lords of Scotland, will ye
stay and drink ?

K. Dav. She mocks at us : Douglas, I can't endure it.

Count. Say, my lord, which is he must have the
lady,

And which her jewels ? I am sure, my lords,
Ye will not hence 'till you have shar'd the spoils.

K. Dav. She heard the messenger, and heard our talk ;
And now that comfort makes her scorn at us.

Enter another MESSENGER.

Mes. Arm, my good lord! O! we are all surpris'd!

Count. After the French ambaffador, my liege,
And tell him that you dare not ride to York:
Excufe it, that your bonny horfe is lame.

K. Dav. She heard that, too:⁴ intolerable grief!
Woman, farewell. Although I do not ftay——

[*Alarum. Exeunt SCOTS.*

Count. 'Tis not for fear: and yet you run away.—
O happy comfort! Welcome to our houfe!
The confident and boifterous boasting Scot,
That fwore before my walls they would not back
For all the armed power of this land,
With facelefs fear, that ever turns his back,
Turn'd hence, again the blafing north-eaft wind,
Upon the bare report and name of arms!

Enter MOUNTAGUE and others.

Oh fummer's day! fee where my coufin comes.

Moun. How fares my aunt?—We are not Scots:
Why do you fhut your gates againft your friends?

Count. Well may I give a welcome, coz,⁵ to thee,
For thou com'ft well to chafe my foes from hence.

Moun. The king himfelf is come in perfon hither.
Dear aunt, defcend, and gratulate his highnefs.

Count. How may I entertain his majefty,
To fhew my duty and his dignity?

[*Exit from the walls.*

⁴ "He heard that too" in the old copies.

⁵ "A welcome, coz, to thee": it is *cousin* in the old copies, but the line requires one fyllable, or that "cousin" fhould be fpoken in the time of one fyllable. Juft above is a line two fyllables fhort of the meafure, and Capell inserted "Why, aunt".

*Flourish. Enter KING EDWARD, WARWICK, ARTOIS,
and others.*

K. Edw. What! are the stealing foxes fled and gone
Before we could uncouple at their heels?

War. They are, my liege; but with a cheerful cry,
Hot hounds and hardy, chase them at the heels.

Re-enter COUNTESS, attended.

K. Edw. This is the countess, Warwick, is it not?

War. Even she, my liege, whose beauty tyrants fear,
As a May blossom which⁶ pernicious winds
Have sullied, wither'd, overcast and done.

K. Edw. Hath she been fairer, Warwick, than she is?

War. My gracious king, fair is she not at all,
If that herself were by to stain herself,
As I have seen her when she was herself.

K. Edw. What strange enchantment lurk'd in those her
eyes,
When they excell'd this excellence they have,
That now her dim decline hath power to draw
My subject eyes from piercing majesty
To gaze on her with doting admiration!

Count. In duty lower than the ground I kneel,
And for my dull knees bow my feeling heart
To witness my obedience to your highness,
With many millions of a subject's thanks
For this your royal presence, whose approach
Hath driven war and danger from my gate.

K. Edw. Lady, stand up. I come to bring thee peace,
However thereby I have purchas'd war.

⁶ "Which" is *with* in the copy of 1596 only.

Count. No war to you, my liege : the Scots are gone,
And gallop home toward Scotland with their hafte.

K. Edw. Left yielding here I pine in shameful love,
Come, we'll purfue the Scots. Artois, away !

Count. A little while, my gracious fovereign, ftay ;
And let the power of a mighty king
Honour our roof. My husband in the wars,
When he fhall hear it, will triumph for joy :
Then, dear my liege, now niggard not your ftate,
Being at the wall, enter our homely gate.

K. Edw. Pardon me, countefs ; I will come no near :
I dream'd to-night of treason, and I fear.

Count. Far from this place let ugly treason lie !

K. Edw. No farther off than her confpiring eye,
Which fhoots infected poifon in my heart,
Beyond repulfe of wit, or cure of art.
Now, in the fun alone it doth not lie,
With light to take light from a mortal eye ;
For here two day ftars, that mine eye would fee,
More than the fun ftal mine own light from me.
Contemplative defire ; defire to be
In contemplation that may mafter thee.
Warwick, Artois, to horfe, and let's away !

Count. What might I fpeak to make my fovereign
ftay ?

K. Edw. What needs a tongue to fuch a fpeaking eye,
That more perfuades than winning oratory ?

Count. Let not thy prefence, like the April fun,
Flatter our earth, and fuddenly be done.
More happy do not make our outward wall,
That thou wilt grace our inward houfe withal.

Our house, my liege, is like a country swain,
Whose habit rude, and manners blunt and plain,
Presageth nought ; yet inly beautified
With bounty's riches, and fair hidden pride ;
For where the golden ore doth buried lie,
The ground, undeck'd with nature's tapestry,
Seems barren, fere, unfertile, fruitless, dry ;
And where the upper turf of earth doth boast
His pied perfumes and party-coloured coat,
Delve there and find this issue, and their pride
To spring from ordure, and corruption's side :
But to make up my all too long compare,
These ragged walls no testimony are
What is within ; but, like a cloak, doth hide
From weather's waste⁷ the under garnish'd pride.
More gracious than my terms can let thee be,
Entreat thyself to stay a while with me.

K. Edw. As wife as fair ! What fond fit can be heard,
When wisdom keeps the gate as beauty's guard ?—
Countess, albeit my business urgeth me,
It shall attend, while I attend on thee.—
Come on, my lords, here will I host to-night.

[Exeunt omnes.]

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Garden of Roxborough Castle.

Enter LODOWICK.

Lod. I might perceive his eye in her eye lost,
His ear to drink her sweet tongue's utterance,

⁷ "From weather's waste" is "from weather's *west*" in both the original impressions ; and so Capell gave it.

And changing passion, like inconstant clouds
 That rack'd upon the carriage of the winds
 Increase and die, in his disturbed cheeks.
 Lo ! when she blush'd, even then did he look pale ;
 As if her cheeks, by some enchanted power,
 Attracted had the cherry blood from his ;
 Anon, with reverent fear when she grew pale,
 His cheeks put on their scarlet ornaments ;
 But no more like her oriental red
 Than brick to coral, or live things to dead.
 Why did he, then, thus counterfeit her looks ?
 If she did blush, 'twas tender modest shame,
 Being in the sacred presence of a king :
 If he did blush, 'twas red immodest shame
 To veil his eyes amiss,⁸ being a king :
 If she look'd pale, 'twas silly woman's fear
 To bear herself in presence of a king :
 If he look'd pale, it was with guilty fear
 To dote amiss, being a mighty king.
 Then Scottish wars farewell : I fear 'twill prove
 A lingering English siege of peevish love.
 Here comes his highness, walking all alone.

[*LOD. stands back.*]

K. Edw. (entering). She is grown more fairer far since
 I came hither,
 Her voice more silver every word than other,
 Her wit more fluent. What a strange discourse
 Unfolded she of David and his Scots !

⁸ "To veil his eyes", *i.e.*, to *lower* his eyes : it is "To *waile* his eyes" in the old editions.

"Even thus", quoth she, he spake; and then spake broad
With epithets and accents of the Scot,
But somewhat better than the Scot could speak:
"And thus", quoth she, and answer'd then herself;
For who could speak like her? but she herself
Breathes from the wall an angel's note from heaven
Of sweet defiance to her barbarous foes.
When she would talk of peace, methinks, her tongue
Commanded war to prison: when of war,
It waken'd Cæsar from his Roman grave
To hear war beautified by her discourse.
Wisdom is foolishness but in her tongue,
Beauty a slander but in her fair face:
There is no summer but in her cheerful looks,
Nor frosty winter but in her disdain.
I cannot blame the Scots that did besiege her,
For she is all the treasure of our land,
But call them cowards that they ran away,
Having so rich and fair a cause to stay.—
Art thou there, Lodowick? Give me ink and paper.

Lod. I will, my sovereign.

K. Edw. And bid the lords hold on their play at chess,
For we will walk and meditate alone.

Lod. I will, my liege.

[*Exit.*

K. Edw. This fellow is well-read in poetry,
And hath a lusty and persuasive spirit:
I will acquaint him with my passion,
Which he shall shadow with a veil of lawn,
Through which the queen of beauty's queen shall see
Herself, the ground of my infirmity.

Re-enter LODOWICK.

Haft thou pen, ink, and paper ready, Lodowick ?

Lod. Ready, my liege.

K. Edw. Then, in the summer arbour fit by me ;
 Make it our council houle, our cabinet :
 Since green our thoughts, green be the conventicle,
 Where we will ease us by disburdening them.
 Now, Lodowick, invoke some golden muse
 To bring thee hither an enchanted pen,
 That may for sighs set down true sighs indeed,
 Talking of grief to make thee really⁹ groan ;
 And when thou writ'st of tears, encouch the word,
 Before and after, with such sweet laments
 That it may raise drops in a Tartar's eye,
 And make a flint-heart Scythian pitiful ;
 For so much moving hath a poet's pen.
 Then, if thou be a poet, move thou so,
 And be enriched by thy sovereign's love :
 For if the touch of sweet concordant strings
 Could force attendance¹ in the ears of hell,
 How much more shall the strain of poet's wit
 Beguile and ravish soft and humane minds !

Lod. To whom, my lord, shall I direct my stile ?

K. Edw. To one that shames the fair, and sots the wife,
 Whose body is an abstract, or a brief,
 Contains each general virtue in the world.
 "Better than beautiful" thou must begin :

⁹ "To make thee *ready* groan" in the editions of 1596 and 1599.

¹ "Could force *attendance*". So both the old copies, but perhaps
 a misprint for *attention*.

Devise for fair a fairer word than fair,
And every ornament that thou would'st praise
Fly it a pitch above the soar of praise.
For flattery fear thou not to be convicted,
For were thy admiration ten times more,
Ten times ten thousand more the worth exceeds
Of that thou art to praise, thy praise's worth.
Begin : I will to contemplate the while.
Forget not to set down, how passionate,
How heart sick, and how full of languishment
Her beauty makes me.

Lod. Write I to a woman ?

K. Edw. What beauty else could triumph over me,
Or who but women do our love lays greet ?
What ! think'st thou I did bid thee praise a horse ?

Lod. Of what condition or estate she is,
'Twere requisite that I should know, my lord.

K. Edw. Of such estate, that her's is as a throne,
And my estate the footstool where she treads :
Then may'st thou judge what her condition is
By the proportion of her mightinefs.
Write on, while I peruse her in my thoughts :
Her voice to music or the nightingale,
To music every summer leaping swain
Compares his sun burnt lover, when she speaks ;
And why should I speak of the nightingale ?
The nightingale sings of adulterate wrong,
And that compar'd is too satirical :
For sin, though sin, would not be so esteemed,
But rather virtue sin, sin virtue deemed.
Her hair far softer than the silkworm's twist,

Like as a flattering glaſs doth make more fair
 The yellow amber.—Like a flattering glaſs
 Comes in too ſoon ; for writing of her eyes
 I'll ſay, that like a glaſs they catch the ſun,
 And thence the hot reflection doth rebound
 Againſt my breaſt, and burns my heart within.
 Ah ! what a world of deſcant makes my ſoul
 Upon this voluntary ground of love.—
 Come, Lodowick, haſt thou turn'd thy ink to gold ?
 If not, but write in letters capital
 My miſtreſs name,
 And it will gild thy paper.—Read, lord,² read !
 Fill thou the empty hollows of mine ears
 With the ſweet hearing of thy poetry.

Lod. I have not to a period brought her praiſe,

K. Edw. Her praiſe is as my love—both infinite ;
 Which apprehend ſuch violent extremes
 That they diſdain an ending period.
 Her beauty hath no match but my affection :
 Her's more than moſt, mine moſt, and more than more :
 Her's more to praiſe than tell the ſea by drops :
 Nay more, than drop the maſſy earth by ſands,
 And ſand by ſand³ print them in memory.
 Then, wherefore talk'ſt thou of a period
 To that which craves unended admiration ?
 Read ! let us hear.

² “ Read, lord, read.” So the old copies, but young Lodowick was not a peer, and poſſibly it ought to run, “ Read, *lad*, read”; or “ lord” might poſſibly be taken as an exclamation of impatience—“ Read, lord ! read.”

³ In the old copies it is “ And *said* by *said*”: Capell's emendation.

Lod. (reads). "More fair and chaste than is the queen of shades."

K. Edw. That line hath two faults, gross and palpable.
Compar'st thou her to the pale queen of night,
Who, being set in dark, seems therefore light?
What is she when the sun lifts up his head,
But like a fading taper, dim and dead?
My love shall brave the eye of heaven at noon,
And, being unmask'd, outshine the golden sun.

Lod. What is the other fault, my sovereign lord?

K. Edw. Read o'er the line again.

Lod. (reads). "More fair and chaste."

K. Edw. I did not bid thee talk of chastity,
To ransack so the treason of her mind,
For I would rather have her chas'd, than chaste.
Out with the moon-line! I will none of it;
And let me have her liken'd to the sun.
Say she hath thrice more splendour than the sun,
That her perfection emulates the sun;
That she breeds sweets as plenteous as the sun,
That she doth thaw cold winter like the sun,
That she doth cheer fresh summer like the sun,
That she doth dazzle gazers like the sun;
And in this application of the sun,
Bid her be free and general as the sun,
Who smiles upon the basest weed that grows,
As lovingly as on the fragrant rose.—
Let's see what follows that same moonlight line.

Lod. (reads). "More fair and chaste than is the queen of shades;

More bold in constancy"—

K. Edw. In constancy! than who?

Lod. (reads). "Than Judith was."

K. Edw. Oh monstrous line! Put in the next a sword,
And I shall woo her to cut off my head.

Blot, blot, good Lodowick.—Let us hear the next.

Lod. There's all that yet is done.

K. Edw. I thank thee, then : thou hast done little ill ;
But what is done is passing, passing ill.

No : let the captain talk of boisterous war,

The prisoner of immured dark constraint,

The sick man best sets down the pangs of death,

The man that starves the sweetness of a feast,

The frozen soul the benefit of fire,

And every grief his happy opposite :

Love cannot sound well but in lovers' tongues.

Give me the pen and paper : I will write.

Enter the COUNTESS.

But soft ! here comes the treasure of my spirit.—

Lodowick, thou know'st not how to draw a battle.

These wings, these flankers, and these squadrons

Argue in thee defective discipline :

Thou should'st have placed this here, this other here.

Count. Pardon my boldness, my thrice gracious lord :

Let my intrusion here be call'd my duty,

That comes to see my sovereign how he fares.

Edw. (to Lod.). Go, draw the same : I tell thee in what
form.

Lod. I go.

[*Exit.*

Count. Sorry I am to see my liege so sad.

What may thy subject do, to drive from thee

This gloomy consort, fullen melancholy ?

K. Edw. Ah lady ! I am blunt and cannot strew

The flowers of folace in a ground of shame.
Since I came hither, Countefs, I am wronged.

Count. Now, God forbid that any in my houle
Should think my fovereign wrong. Thrice gentle king,
Acquaint me with your caufe of discontent.

K. Edw. How near, then, fhall I be to remedy ?

Count. As near, my liege, as all my woman's power
Can pawn itfelf to buy thy remedy.

K. Edw. If thou fpeak'ft true, then have I my redrefs.
Engage thy power to redeem my joys,
And I am joyful, Countefs ; elfe I die.

Count. I will, my liege.

K. Edw. Swear, Countefs, that thou wilt.

Count. By heaven, I will.

K. Edw. Then, take thyfelf a little way afide,
And tell thyfelf, a king doth dote on thee :
Say that within thy power it doth lie
To make him happy ; and that thou haft fworn
To give me all the joy within thy power.
Do this, and tell me when I fhall be happy.

Count. All this is done, my thrice dread fovereign.
That power of love, that I have power to give,
Thou haft with all devout obedience :
Employ me how thou wilt in proof thereof.

K. Edw. Thou hear'ft me fay that I do dote on thee.

Count. If on my beauty, take it if thou canft :
Though little, I do prize it ten times lefs :
If on my virtue, take it if thou canft,
For virtues ftore by giving doth augment :
Be it on what it will, that I can give
And thou canft take away, inherit it.

K. Edw. It is thy beauty that I would enjoy.

Count. O! were it painted, I would wipe it off,
And dispossess myself to give it thee ;
But, sovereign, it is folder'd to my life :
Take one and both ; for, like an humble shadow,
It haunts the sunshine of my summer's life.

K. Edw. But thou may'st lend it me to sport withal.

Count. As easy may my intellectual soul
Be lent away, and yet my body live,
As lend my body, palace to my soul,
Away from her, and yet retain my soul.
My body is her bower, her court, her abbey,
And she an angel pure, divine, unspotted.
If I should lend her house, my lord, to thee,
I kill my poor soul, and my poor soul me.

K. Edw. Did'st thou not swear to give me what I would ?

Count. I did, my lord, so what you would I could.

K. Edw. I wish no more of thee than thou may'st give ;
Nor beg I do not, but I rather buy,
That is, thy love ; and for that love of thine
In rich exchange I tender to thee mine.

Count. But that your lips were sacred, my lord,
You would prophane the holy name of love.
That love you offer me you cannot give,
For Cæsar owes that tribute to his queen :
That love you beg of me I cannot give,
For Sarah owes that duty to her lord.
He that doth clip or counterfeit your stamp
Shall die, my lord : and will your sacred self
Commit high treason 'gainst the King of Heaven
To stamp his image in forbidden metal,

Forgetting your allegiance and your oath ?
In violating marriage sacred law
You break a greater honour than yourself.
To be a king is of a younger house
Than to be married : your progenitor,
Sole reigning Adam on the universe,
By God was honour'd for a married man,
But not by him anointed for a king.
It is a penalty to break your statutes,
Though not enacted by your highness hand ;
But how much more to infringe the holy act,
Made by the mouth of God, seal'd with his hand !
I know my sovereign, in my husband's love
Who now doth loyal service in his wars,
Doth but to try the wife of Salisbury,
Whether she will hear a wanton's tale or no.
Left being therein guilty by my stay,
From that, not from my liege, I turn away.

[*Exit.*

K. Edw. Whether is her beauty by her words divine,
Or are her words sweet chaplains to her beauty ?
Like as the wind doth beautify a fail,
And as a fail becomes the unseen wind,
So do her words her beauties, beauties words.
Oh ! that I were a honey gathering bee
To bear the comb of virtue from this flower,
And not a poison-sucking envious spider
To turn the juice I take⁴ to deadly venom !
Religion is austere, and beauty gentle ;

⁴ To turn the juice I take.] It is "*vice* I take" in the old quartos
—an easy misprint, which, however, Capell preserved.

Too strict a guardian for so fair a weed.⁵
O, that she were as is the air to me !
Why, so she is ; for when I would embrace her,
This do I—and catch nothing but myself.
I must enjoy her, for I cannot beat
With reason and reproof fond love away.

Enter WARWICK.

Here comes her father : I will work with him,
To bear my colours in this field of love.

War. How is it that my sovereign is so sad ?
May I with pardon know your highness' grief,
And that my old endeavour will remove it,
It shall not cumber long your majesty.

K. Edw. A kind and voluntary gift thou offerest,
That I was forward to have begg'd of thee.
Put, O thou world ! great nurse of flattery,
Why dost thou tip men's tongues with golden words,
And peize their deeds with weight of heavy lead,
That fair performance cannot follow promise ?
O, that a man might hold the heart's close book,
And choke the lavish tongue, when it doth utter
The breath of falsehood, not character'd there !

War. Far be it from the honour of my age,
That I should owe bright gold, and render lead !
Age is a cynick, not a flatterer.
I say again, that if I knew your grief,
And that by me it may be lessened,
My proper harm should buy your highness' good.

⁵ Capell altered "weed" to *ward*, and perhaps rightly ; but "weed" may stand, in reference to the preceding figure.

K. Edw. These are the vulgar tenders of false men,
That never pay the duty of their words.
Thou wilt not stick to swear what thou hast said,
But when thou know'st my grief's condition,
This rash disgorged vomit of thy word
Thou wilt eat up again, and leave me helpless.

War. By heaven, I will not, though your majesty
Did bid me run upon your sword, and die.

K. Edw. Say that my grief is no way medicinal,
But by the loss and bruising of thine honour.

War. If nothing but that loss may vantage you,
I would account that loss my vantage too.

K. Edw. Think'st that thou can'st unswear⁶ thy oath
again?

War. I cannot, nor I would not, if I could.

K. Edw. But if thou dost, what shall I say to thee?

War. What may be said of any perjur'd villain,
That breaks the sacred warrant of an oath.

K. Edw. What wilt thou say to one that breaks an oath?

War. That he hath broke his faith with God and man,
And from them both stands excommunicate.

K. Edw. What office were it to suggest a man
To break a lawful and religious vow?

War. An office for the devil, not for man.

K. Edw. That devil's office must thou do for me,
Or break thy oath, or cancel all the bonds
Of love and duty twixt thyself and me.
And therefore, Warwick, if thou art thyself,
The lord and master of the word and oath,

⁶ "Thou can *unswer*." Capell's emendation of the quartos.

Go to thy daughter, and in my behalf
Command her, woo her, win her any ways,
To be my mistress and my secret love.
I will not stand to hear thee make reply :
Thy oath break hers, or let thy sovereign die.

[*Exit* KING EDWARD.]

War. O doting king ! or detestable office !
Well may I tempt myself to wrong myself,
When he hath sworn me by the name of God
To break a vow made in the name of God.
What if I swear by this right hand of mine
To cut this right hand off ? the better way
Were to prophane the idol, than confound it.
But neither will I do : I'll keep my oath,
And to my daughter make a recantation
Of all the virtue I have preach'd to her :
I'll say, she must forget her husband, Salisbury,
If she remember to embrace the king :
I'll say, an oath may easily be broken,
But not so easily pardon'd, being broken :
I'll say, it is true charity to love,
But not true love to be so charitable :
I'll say, his greatness may bear out the shame,
But not his kingdom can buy out the sin :
I'll say, it is my duty to persuade,
But not her honesty to give consent.

Enter the COUNTESS.

See where she comes ! Was never father had,
Against his child, an embassy so bad.

Count. My lord and father, I have fought for you.
My mother and the peers importune you

To keep in presence of his majesty,
And do your best to make his highness merry.

War. How shall I enter in this graceless errand ?
I must not call her child ; for where's the father
That will in such a suit seduce his child ?
Then, wife of Salisbury, shall I so begin ?
No ; he's my friend, and where is found the friend
That will do friendship such endamagement ?
Neither my daughter, nor my dear friend's wife.
I am not Warwick, as thou think'st I am,
But an attorney from the court of hell,
That thus have housed my spirit in his form,
To do a message to thee from the king.
The mighty king of England dotes on thee :
He that hath power to take away thy life,
Hath power to take thine honour : then, consent
To pawn thine honour rather than thy life.
Honour is often lost and got again ;
But life, once gone, hath no recovery.
The sun that withers hay doth nourish grass ;
The king that would distain thee will advance thee.
The poets write, that great Achilles' spear
Could heal the wound it made : the moral is,
What mighty men misdo they can amend.
The lion doth become his bloody jaws,
And grace his foragement by being mild
When vassal fear lies trembling at his feet.
The king will in his glory hide thy shame ;
And those that gaze on him to find out thee
Will lose their eyesight looking in the sun.
What can one drop of poison harm the sea,

Whose hugy vastures⁷ can digest the ill,
 And make it lose his operation.
 The king's great name will temper their misdeeds,
 And give the bitter potion of reproach
 A sugar'd, sweet, and most delicious taste.
 Besides, it is no harm to do the thing,
 Which without shame could not be left undone.
 Then have I, in his majesty's behalf,
 Apparel'd sin in virtuous sentences,
 And dwell upon thy answer in his suit.

Count. Unnatural besiege! Woe me unhappy,
 To have escap'd the danger of my foes,
 And to be ten times worse invir'd⁸ by friends.
 Hath he no means to stain my honest blood
 But to corrupt the author of my blood?
 To be his scandalous and vile solicitor?
 No marvel though the branch⁹ be then infected
 When poison hath encompassed the root;
 No marvel though the leprous infant die,
 When the stern dam envenometh the dug.
 Why then, give sin a passport to offend,
 And youth the dangerous rein of liberty:
 Blot out the strict forbidding of the law,
 And cancel every canon that prescribes
 A shame for shame, or penance for offence.

⁷ "Whose hugy *vastures*." Possibly a misprint for *vastnes*, i.e., vastness: we know of no other instance of the use of "vastures": in "Measure for Measure" (Act III, sc. 1) Shakespeare has "vastidity".

⁸ "invir'd by friends": in the 4to 1596 the spelling is *inuerd*: "in-uerd" is from the latter 4to: the meaning is evident.

⁹ In the old copies "branch" is injuriously in the plural.

No : let me die, if his too boist'rous will
Will have it so, before I will consent
To be an actor in his graceless lust.

War. Why now thou speak'st as I would have thee
speak!

And mark, how I unsay my words again.
An honourable grave is more esteemed,
Than the polluted closet of a king :
The greater man, the greater is the thing,
Be it good or bad, that he shall undertake.
An unrepented mote, flying in the sun,
Presents a greater substance than it is :
The freshest summer's day doth soonest taint
The loathed carrion that it seems to kiss :
Deep are the blows made with a mighty axe.
That sin doth ten times aggravate itself
That is committed in a holy place :
An evil deed done by authority
Is sin and subornation : deck an ape
In tiffue, and the beauty of the robe
Adds but the greater scorn unto the beast.
A spacious field of reasons could I urge
Between his glory,¹ daughter, and thy shame :
That poison shews worst in a golden cup ;
Dark night seems darker by the lightning flash :
Lillies that fester smell far worse than weeds,
And every glory that inclines to sin
The shame is treble by the opposite.

¹ "Between his glory." Glory is *gloomy* in the quartos. Capell's excellent emendation.

So leave I with my blessing in thy bosom,
Which then convert to a most heavy curse,
When thou convert'st from honour's golden name
To the black faction of bed-blotting shame. [Exit.

Count. I'll follow thee: and when my mind turns so,
My body sink my soul in endless woe! [Exit.

SCENE II.

A room in Roxborough Castle.

Enter DERBY and AUDLEY.

Derb. Thrice noble Audley, well encounter'd here.
How is it with our sovereign and his peers?

Aud. 'Tis full a fortnight since I saw his highness,
What time he sent me forth to muster men,
Which I accordingly have done, and bring them hither
In fair array before his majesty.

What news, my lord of Derby, from the emperor?

Derb. As good as we desire. The emperor
Hath yielded to his highness friendly aid,
And makes our king Lieutenant General
In all his lands and large dominions.

Then *via*! for the spacious bounds of France.

Aud. What, doth his highness leap to hear this news?

Derb. I have not yet found time to open them.
The King is in his closet malcontent;
For what I know not, but he gave in charge,
Till after dinner none should interrupt him.
The Countess Salisbury, and her father Warwick,
Artois and all, look underneath the brows.

Aud. Undoubtedly, then, something is amiss.

[*Trumpets sound within.*

Derb. The trumpets found : the king is now abroad.

Enter KING EDWARD.

Aud. Here comes his highness.

Derb. Befall my fovereign all my fovereign's wish !

K. Edw. Ah, that thou wert a witch to make it so !

Derb. The Emperor greeteth you. [*Giving papers.*]

K. Edw. (*Aside*). Would it were the Countess !

Derb. And hath accorded to your highness' suit.

K. Edw. Thou lyest : she hath not ; but I would she had.

Aud. All love and duty to my lord the king !

K. Edw. Well, all but one is none.—What news with you ?

Aud. I have, my liege, levied those horse and foot,
According to your charge, and brought them hither.

K. Edw. Then, let those foot trudge hence upon those
horse,

According to our discharge ; and begone.

Derb. I'll look upon the Countess' mind anon.

Derb. The Countess' mind, my liege ?

K. Edw. I mean the Emperor's. Leave me alone.

Aud. What's in his mind ?

Derb. Let's leave him to his humour.

[*Exit* DERBY with AUDLEY.]

K. Edw. Thus from the hearts abundance^a speaks the
tongue,

Countess for emperor : and, indeed, why not ?

She is as imperator over me ; and I to her

Am as a kneeling vassal, that observes

The pleasure or displeasure of her eye.

^a "Hearts abundant in the old copies.

Enter LODOWICK.

What says the more than Cleopatra's match
To Cæsar now ?

Lod. That yet, my liege,
Ere night she will resolve your majesty.

[Drum heard within.]

K. Edw. What drum is this that thunders forth this
march,

To start the tender Cupid in my bosom ?
Poor sheepskin ! how it brawls with him that beateth it.
Go, break the thundering parchment bottom out,
And I will teach it to conduct sweet lines
Unto the bosom of a heavenly nymph ;
For I will use it as my writing paper,
And so reduce him from a scolding drum
To be the herald, and dear counsel bearer,
Betwixt a goddess and a mighty king.
Go, bid the drummer learn to touch the lute,
Or hang him in the braces of his drum,
For now we think it an uncivil thing
To trouble heaven with such harsh refounds.

Away !

[Exit LODOWICK.

The quarrel that I have requires no arms,
But these of mine ; and these shall meet my foe
In a deep march of penetrable groans :
My eyes shall be my arrows, and my sighs
Shall serve me as the vantage of the wind
To whirl away my sweet'ft artillery.
Ah ! but alas, she wins the sun of me,
For that is she herself ; and thence it comes
That poets term the wanton warrior blind :

But love hath eyes as judgment to his steps,
Till too much loved glory dazzles them.

Re-enter LODOWICK.

How now !

Lod. My liege, the drum that strook the lusty march
Stands with Prince Edward, your thrice valiant son.

Enter PRINCE EDWARD. [*LOD. retires.*

K. Edw. I see the boy.—O ! how his mother's face,
Moulded in his, corrects my stray'd desire,
And rates my heart, and chides my thievish eye,
Who being rich enough in seeing her,
Yet seeks elsewhere : and basest theft is that
Which cannot check itself on poverty.
Now boy, what news ?

P. Edw. I have assembled, my dear lord and father,
The choicest buds of all our English blood
For our affairs in France ; and here we come
To take direction from your majesty.

K. Edw. Still do I see in him delineate
His mother's visage : those his eyes are hers,
Who looking wistly on me made me blush ;
For faults against themselves give evidence.
Lust is a fire ; and men, like lanthorns, shew^s
Light lust within themselves, even through themselves.
Away, loose silks of wavering vanity !
Shall the large limits of fair Britany
By me be overthrown ; and shall I not

* men like lanthorns shew.] The old copies have "me like lanthorns", etc. Capell judiciously changed *me* to *men*, and *as* to "is" earlier in the line.

Master this little mansion of myself?
Give me an armour of eternal steel!
I go to conquer kings; and shall I, then,
Subdue myself, and be my enemy's friend?
It must not be.—Come boy! forward, advance!
Let's with our colours sweat the air of France!

Lod. My liege, the Countess, with a smiling cheer,
Desires access unto your majesty. *[Coming forward.]*

K. Edw. Why, there it goes! that very smile of hers
Hath ransom'd captive France, and set the king,
The Dauphin and the peers at liberty.—
Go, leave me, Ned, and revel with thy friends.

[Exit PRINCE EDWARD.]

Thy mother is but black; and thou, like her,
Dost put into my mind how foul she is.
[To LODOWICK.] Go, fetch the Countess hither in thy
hand,

And let her chase away those winter clouds,
For she gives beauty both to heaven and earth!

[Exit LODOWICK.]

The sin is more to hack and hew poor men,
Than to embrace, in an unlawful bed,
The register of all rarities⁴
Since leathern Adam to this youngest hour.

Re-enter LODOWICK, leading the COUNTESS.

Go, Lodowick: put thy hand into thy purse;
Play, spend, give, riot, waste: do what thou wilt,
So thou wilt hence a while and leave me here.

[Exit LODOWICK.]

⁴ "Rarities" is the word in both the editions of 1596 and of 1599, but we may well doubt if the true word were not *varieties*.

Now, my foul's playfellow ! art thou come
To speak the more than heavenly word of "yea"
To my abjection⁵ in thy beauteous love ?

Count. My father, on his blessing, hath commanded——

K. Edw. That thou shalt yield to me ?

Count. Aye, dear my liege, your due.

K. Edw. And that, my dearest love, can be no less
Than right for right, and render love for love.

Count. Than wrong for wrong, and endless hate for hate.
But sith I see your majesty so bent,
That my unwillingness, my husband's love,
Your high estate, nor no respect respected,
Can be my help, but that your mightiness
Will overbear and awe these dear regards,
I bend⁶ my discontent to thy content,
And what I would not I'll compel, I will ;
Provided, that yourself remove those lets
That stand between your highness love and mine.

K. Edw. Name them, fair Countess, and, by heaven, I
will.

Count. It is their lives that stand between our love
That I would have choak'd up, my sovereign.

K. Edw. Whose lives, my lady ?

Count. My thrice loving liege,
Your queen, and Salisbury, my wedded husband,
Who living have that title in our love,
That we cannot bestow, but by their death.

⁵ "Abjection" is *objection* in the old copies, and so Capell reprinted it.

⁶ I *bend* my discontent. Both quartos read "I *bind* my discontent", etc. We ought also to read "to *thy* content", for "to my content" of the old copies.

K. Edw. Thy opposition is beyond our law.

Count. So is your desire. If the law
Can hinder you to execute the one,
Let it forbid you to attempt the other.
I cannot think you love me, as you say,
Unless you do make good what you have sworn.

K. Edw. No more : thy husband and my queen shall die.
Fairer thou art by far than Hero was,
Beardless Leander not so strong as I :
He sworn an easy current to his love,
But I will through a Hellespont of blood⁷
Arrive that Sestos where my Hero lies.

Count. Nay, you'll do more ; you'll make the river, too.
With their heart's blood that keep our love a fund er,
Of which my husband and your wife are twain.

K. Edw. Thy beauty makes them guilty of their death,
And gives in evidence that they shall die ;
Upon which verdict I, their judge, condemn them.

Count. O perjur'd beauty ! more corrupted judge !
When to the great star-chamber o'er our heads
The universal sessions calls to count
This packing evil, we both shall tremble for it.

K. Edw. What says my fair love ? Is she resolute ?

⁷ "A Hellespont of blood" is "a *helly spout* of blood" in both quartos, and so Capell allowed it to remain, not seeing the allusion to the tale of Hero and Leander as Marlowe had translated it : it was not printed, as far as we know, until 1598. He thought, also, "*at Sestos*" preferable to "that Sestos", when the last shews us exactly the emphasis meant by Shakespeare, and no doubt given by Burbage, who, we may conclude, had the part of Edward III in or before 1596 :

"But I will through a Hellespont of blood

Arrive *that* Sestos where *my* Hero lies."

distinguishing them from the Sestos and the Hero of Musæus.

Count. Resolute to be dissolv'd, and therefore this.
Keep but thy word, great king, and I am thine.
Stand where thou dost: I'll part a little from thee,
And see how I will yield me to thy hands.

[*Shewing two daggers.*]

Here by my side do hang my wedding knives :
Take thou the one, and with it kill thy queen,
And learn by me to find her where she lies ;
And with the other I'll dispatch my love,
Which now lies fast asleep within my heart.
When they are gone, then I'll consent to love—
Stir not, lascivious king, to hinder me :
My resolution is more nimbler far,
Than thy prevention can be in my rescue ;
And if thou stir I'll strike : therefore stand still,
And hear the choice that I will put thee to.
Either swear to leave thy most unholy suit,
And never henceforth to solicit me,
Or else, by heaven, this sharp pointed knife
Shall stain thy earth with that which thou would'st stain,
My poor chaste blood. Swear, Edward, swear,
Or I will strike, and die before thee here.

K. Edw. Even by that power I swear, that gives me now
The power to be ashamed of myself,
I never mean to part my lips again
In any word that tends to such a suit.
Arise, true English lady ! whom our isle
May better boast of than e'er Roman might
Of her, whose ransack'd treasury hath tasked
The vain endeavour of so many pens.
Arise ; and be my fault thy honour's fame,

Which after ages shall enrich thee with.
I am awaked from this idle dream.
Warwick, my son, Derby, Artois, and Audley !
Brave warriors all, where are you all this while.

Enter PRINCE EDWARD *and* LORDS.

Warwick, I make thee warden of the north.
You, Prince of Wales and Audley straight to sea;
Scour to Newhaven : some there stay for me :
Myself, Artois and Derby will through Flanders
To greet our friends there, and to crave their aid.
This night will scarce suffice me to discover
My folly's siege against a faithful lover ;
For ere the sun shall gild the eastern sky,
We'll wake him with our martial harmony.

ACT III. SCENE I.

The French Camp in Flanders.

Enter KING JOHN OF FRANCE, *his two Sons*, CHARLES
and PHILIP : DUKE OF LORRAINE, *and others.*

K. John. Here, till our navy of a thousand sail
Have made a breakfast to our foe at sea,
Let us encamp, to wait their happy speed.
Lorraine, what readiness is Edward in ?
How hast thou heard that he provided is
Of martial furniture for this exploit ?

Lor. To lay aside unnecessary soothing,
And not to spend the time in circumstance,
'Tis bruited for a certainty, my lord,
That he's exceeding strongly fortified.

His subjects flock as willingly to war,
As if unto a triumph they were led.

P. Cha. England was wont to harbour malcontents,
Bloodthirsty and feditious Catalines,
Spendthrifts, and such as gape for nothing else
But change and alteration of the state ;
And is it possible that they are now
So loyal in themselves ?

Lor. All but the Scot ; who solemnly protests,
As heretofore I have inform'd your grace,
Never to sheath his sword, or take a truce.

K. John. Ah ! that's the anchorage of some better hope.
But on the other side, to think what friends
King Edward hath retain'd in Netherland,
Among those ever-bibbing epicures,
Those frothy Dutchmen, puff'd with double beer,
That drink and swill in every place they come,
Doth not a little aggravate mine ire :
Besides, we hear the Emperor conjoins,
And stalls him in his own authority.
But all the mightier that their number is,
The greater glory reaps the victory.
Some friends have we, beside domestic power ;⁸
The stern Polonian, and the warlike Dane,
The kings of Boheme and of Sicily,
Are all become confederates with us,
And, as I think, are marching hither apace.

[Drums sound within.]

⁸ "Beside domestic power", is misprinted, absurdly, "*drumsticke* power" in the old copies. Capell's emendation.

But soft ! I hear the music of their drums,
By which I guess that their approach is near.

Enter BOHEMIA *and his forces ; together with* DANES,
POLES, *and* MUSCOVITES.

Boh. King John of France, as league and neighbourhood
Requires, when friends are any way distressed,
I come to aid thee with my country's force.

Pole. And from great Moscow, fearful to the Turk,
And lofty Poland, nurse of hardy men,
I bring these servitors to fight for thee,
Who willingly will venture in thy cause.

K. John. Welcome, Bohemian king ; and welcome all !
This your great kindness I will not forget.
Beside your plentiful rewards in crowns,
That from our treasury ye shall receive,
There comes a hare-brain'd nation, deck'd in pride,
The spoil of whom will be a treble gain.
And now my hope is full, my joy complete.
At sea we are as puissant as the force
Of Agamemnon in the haven of Troy ;
By land with Xerxes we compare of strength,
Whose soldiers drank up rivers in their thirst.
Then, Bayard-like, blind overweening Ned,
To reach at our imperial diadem,
Is either to be swallow'd of the waves,
Or hack'd a-pieces when thou com'st ashore.

Enter a MARINER.

Mar. Near to the coast I have descried, my lord,
As I was busy in my watchful charge,
The proud armado of King Edward's ships ;

Which at the first, far off when I did ken,
Seem'd, as it were, a grove of wither'd pines ;
But drawing near, their glorious bright aspect,
Their streaming ensigns wrought of colour'd filk
Like to a meadow, full of sundry flowers,
Adorns the naked bosom of the earth :
Majestical the order of their course,
Figuring the horned circle of the moon.
On the top-gallant of the admiral,
And likewise all the handmaids of his train,
The arms of England and of France unite
Are quarter'd equally by herald's art.
Thus tightly carried with a merry gale,
They plough the ocean hitherward amain.

K. John. Dare he already crop the flower de luce ?
I hope, the honey being gather'd thence,
He with the spider, afterward approached,
Shall suck forth deadly venom from the leaves.—
But where's our navy ? how are they prepared
To wing themselves against this flight of ravens ?

Mar. They, having knowledge brought them by the
scouts,
Did break from anchor straight, and puff'd with rage,
No otherwise than were their sails with wind,
Made forth ; as when the empty eagle flies
To satisfy his hungry griping maw.

K. John. There's for thy news. Return unto thy bark,
And if thou scape the bloody stroke of war,
And do survive the conflict, come again,
And let us hear the manner of the fight.

[*Exit* MARINER.]

Mean space, my lords, 'tis best we be disperfed
To feveral places, left they chance to land.
Firft you, my lord, with your Bohemian troops
Shall pitch your battles on the lower hand :
My eldeft fon, the Duke of Normandy,
Together with this aid of Mufcovites,
Shall climb the higher ground another way :
Here, in the middle coaft, betwixt you both,
Philip, my youngeft boy and I will lodge.
So, lords, begone, and look unto your charge :
You ftand for France, an empire fair and large.

[*Exeunt* PRINCE CHARLES, LORAINÉ, BOHEMIA,
and the other forces.]

Now tell me, Philip, what is thy conceit
Touching the challenge that the Englifh make ?

Phil. I fay, my lord, claim Edward what he can,
And bring he ne'er fo plain a pedigree,
'Tis you are in poffeffion of the crown,
And that's the fureft point of all the law.
But were it not, yet, ere he fhould prevail,
I'll make a conduit of my deareft blood,
Or chafe thofe ftaggling upstarts home again.

K. John. Well faid, young Philip ! Call for bread and
wine,

That we may cheer our ftomachs with repaft,
To look our foes more fternly in the face.

[*A table, etc., brought in.* KING JOHN and PHILIP
fit down to it. *Ordinance heard at a diftance.*]

Now is begun the heavy day at fea.
Fight, Frenchmen fight ! be like the field of bears,
When they defend their younglings in their caves.

Steer, angry Nemesis, the happy helm,
That with the sulphur battles of your rage
The English fleet may be disperf'd and funk.

[Ordnance again heard.]

Phil. O father ! how this echoing cannon shot,
Like sweete harmony, digests my cates.

K. John. Now, boy, thou hear'st what thundering terror 'tis
To buckle for a kingdom's fovereignty.
The earth with giddy trembling when it shakes,
Or when the exhalations of the air
Break in extremity of lightning flash,
Affrights not more than kings, when they dispose
To shew the rancour of their high-swol'n hearts.

[Retreat sounded.]

Retreat is sounded ! one side hath the worfe :
O, if it be the French, sweet fortune, turn ;
And in thy turning change the froward winds,
That, with advantage of a favouring sky,
Our men may vanquish and the other fly.

Enter the MARINER.

My heart misgives—say, mirror of pale death,
To whom belongs the honour of the day ?
Relate, I pray thee, if thy breath will serve,
The sad discourse of this discomfiture.

Mar. I will, my lord.

My gracious sovereign, France hath ta'en the foil,
And boasting Edward triumphs with success.
These iron-hearted navies,
When last I was reporter to your grace,
Both full of angry spleen, of hope, and fear,
Hasting to meet each other in the face,

At laft conjoin'd ; and by their admiral
Our admiral encounter'd many ſhot :
By this the other, that beheld theſe twain
Give earneſt penny of a further wreck,
Like fiery dragons took their haughty flight ;
And likewiſe meeting, from their ſmoky wombs
Sent many grim ambaffadors of death.
Then 'gan the day to turn to gloomy night,
And darkneſs did as well encloſe the quick,
As thoſe that were but newly reft of life.
No leiſure ſerv'd for friends to bid farewell ;
And if it had, the hideous noiſe was ſuch,
As each to other ſeemed deaf and dumb.
Purple the ſea, whoſe channel fill'd as faſt
With ſtreaming gore that from the maimed fell,
As did her guſhing moiſture break into
The cranny cleftures of the through ſhot planks.
Here flew a head diſſever'd from the trunk ;
There mangled arms and legs were toſt aloft :
As when a whirlwind takes the ſummer duſt,
And ſcatters it in middle of the air.
Then might you ſee the reeling veſſels ſplit,
And tottering ſink into the ruthleſs flood,
Until their lofty tops were ſeen no more.
All ſhifts were tried both for defence and hurt ;
And now the effects of valour and of fear
Of reſolution and of cowardice,
Were lively pictur'd ; how the one for fame,
The other by compulſion laid about.
Much did the *Nonperillo*, that brave ſhip ;
So did the *Black Snake* of Boulogne, than which

A bonnier veffel never yet fspread fail.
But all in vain : both fun, the wind and tide
Revolted all unto our foeman's fide,
That we perforce were fain to give them way,
And they are landed. Thus my tale is done :
We have untimely loft, and they have won.

K. John. Then refts there nothing, but with prefent
speed

To join our feveral forces all in one,
And bid them battle ere they range too far.—
Come, gentle Philip, let us hence depart :
This foldier's words have pierc'd thy father's heart.

SCENE II.

The plains near Creffi, in Picardy.

*Enter a FRENCHMAN meeting others ; a WOMAN and two
children laden with houfehold ftuff.*

1 Fr. Well met, my mafters. How now, what's the
news ?

And wherefore are you laden thus with ftuff ?
What ! is it quarter day, that you remove,
And carry bag and baggage, too ?

2 Fr. Quarter day, ay and quartering day, I fear.
Have you not heard the news that flies abroad ?

1 Fr. What news ?

3 Fr. How the French navy is deftroy'd at fea,
And that the Englifh army is arrived ?

1 Fr. What then ?

2 Fr. What then, quoth you ? Why is not time to flie,
When envy and deftruction are fo nigh ?

1 *Fr.* Content thee, man : they are far enough from
hence,

And will be met, I warrant you, to their cost,
Before they break so far into the realm.

2 *Fr.* Ay ; so the grasshopper doth spend his time
In mirthful jollity, till winter come,
And then too late he would redeem his time,
When frozen cold hath nipt his careless head.
He that no sooner will provide a cloak,
Than when he sees it doth begin to rain,
May, peradventure, for his negligence
Be thoroughly wash'd when he suspects it not.
We that have charge, and such a train as this,
Must look in time to look for them and us,
Left when we would we cannot be relieved.

1 *Fr.* Belike then you despair of ill success,
And think your country will be subjugate.

3 *Fr.* We cannot tell : 'tis good to fear the worst.

1 *Fr.* Yet rather fight, than, like unnatural sons,
Forfake your loving parents in distress.

2 *Fr.* Tush ! they that have already taken arms
Are many fearful millions, in respect
Of that small handful of our enemies.
But 'tis a rightful quarrel must prevail :
Edward is son unto our late king's sister,
When John Valois is three degrees removed.

Woman. Besides, there goes a prophesy abroad,
Publish'd by one that was a friar once,
Whose oracles have many times prov'd true ;
And now he says " The time will shortly come,
When as a lion roused in the West,

Shall carry hence the flower de luce of France."
These, I can tell ye, and such like surmises
Strike many Frenchmen cold unto the heart.

Enter another FRENCHMAN, in haste.

4 *Fr.* Fly, countrymen and citizens of France!
Sweet flowering peace, the root of happy life,
Is quite abandon'd and expul'd the land:
Instead of whom ransack constraining war
Sits like to ravens on your houses' tops:
Slaughter and mischief walk within your streets,
And unrestrain'd make havoc as they pass.
The form whereof even now myself beheld
Upon this fair mountain whence I came;
For so far as I did direct mine eyes
I might perceive five cities all on fire.
Cornfields and vineyards burning like an oven,
And as the reeking⁹ vapour in the wind
Turned but aside, I likewise might discern
The poor inhabitants, escap'd the flame,
Fall numberless upon the soldiers' pikes.
Three ways these dreadful ministers of wrath
Do tread the measures of their tragic march:
Upon the right hand comes the conquering king;
Upon the left his hot unbridled son,
And in the midst our nation's glittering host;
All which, though distant, yet conspire in one
To leave a desolation where they come.
Fly, therefore, citizens, if you be wise:
Seek out some habitation further off;

⁹ "Reeking" is misprinted *leaking* in the quartos.

Here if you stay your wives will be abused,
Your treasure shar'd before your weeping eyes.
Shelter you yourselves, for now the storm doth rise.
Away, away ! methinks I hear their drums.
Ah wretched France ! I greatly fear thy fall :
Thy glory shaketh like a tottering wall.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

SCENE III.

*The same. Drums. Enter KING EDWARD : DERBY and
forces marching ; and GOBIN DE GREY.*

K. Edw. Where is the Frenchman, by whose cunning
guide

We found the shallow of the river Somme,
And had direction how to pass the sea ?

Gob. Here, my good lord.

K. Edw. How art thou called ? thy name ?

Gob. Gobin de Grey, if it please your excellence.

K. Edw. Then, Gobin, for the service thou hast done
We here enlarge and give thee liberty ;
And for a recompence, beside this good,
Thou shalt receive five hundred marks in gold.
I know not how, we should have met our son,
Whom now in heart I wish I might behold.

Enter ARTOIS.

Art. Good news, my lord : the Prince is hard at
hand ;

And with him comes Lord Audley and the rest,
Whom since our landing we could never meet.

*Drums found. Enter PRINCE EDWARD, AUDLEY,
and forces.*

K. Edw. Welcome, fair Prince! How hast thou sped,
my son,

Since thy arrival on the coast of France?

P. Edw. Succesfully, I thank the gracious heavens.
Some of their strongest cities we have won,
As Harfieu, Loo, Crotage, and Charenton,
And others waisted, leaving at our heels
A wide apparent field, and beaten path
For solitarinefs to progrefs in.
Yet those that would submit we kindly pardoned;
For who in scorn refus'd our proffer'd peace
Endur'd the penalty of sharp revenge.

K. Edw. Ah France! why shouldst thou be thus obstinate
Against the kind embracement of thy friends?
How gently had we thought to touch thy breast,
And set our foot upon thy tender mould,
But that in froward and disdainful pride,
Thou, like a skittish and untamed colt,
Dost start aside, and strike us with thy heels.
But tell me, Ned, in all thy warlike course
Hast thou not seen the usurping king of France?

P. Edw. Yes, my good lord, and not two hours ago,
With full a hundred thousand fighting men
Upon the one side of the river's bank,
And I on the other: with his multitudes
I fear'd he would have cropt¹ our smaller power;
But happily, perceiving your approach,

¹ "Cropt" may of course be right; but it is probably a misprint for *coped*. In the preceding line, for *both* Capel properly read "with".

He hath withdrawn himself to Creffi plains,
Where, as it seemeth by his good array,
He means to bid us battle presently.

K. Edw. He shall be welcome: that's the thing we crave.

*Drums. Enter KING JOHN, CHARLES and PHILIP, his
sons, with BOHEMIA, LORAINÉ, etc., and forces.*

K. John. Edward, know that John, the true king of
France,

Musing thou should'st encroach upon his land,
And in thy tyrannous proceeding slay
His faithful subjects, and subvert his towns,
Spits in thy face; and in this manner following
Upbraids thee with thy arrogant intrusion.
First, I condemn thee for a fugitive,
A thievish pirate, and a needy mate;
One that hath either no abiding place,
Or else, inhabiting some barren soil,
Where neither herb or fruitful grain is had,
Dost altogether live by pilfering.
Next, inasmuch thou hast infring'd thy faith,
Broke league and solemn covenant made with me,
I hold thee for a most pernicious wretch:
And last of all, although I scorn to cope
With one such, [so] inferior to myself,
Yet in respect thy thirst is all for gold,
Thy labour rather to be fear'd than loved,
To satisfy thy lust in either part,
Here am I come; and with me have I brought
Exceeding store of treasure, pearl and coin.
Leave, therefore, now to persecute the weak,

And armed, entering conflict with the armed,
Let it be seen, 'mongst other petty thefts,
How thou can't win this pillage manfully.

K. Edw. If gall or wormwood have a pleasant taste,
Then is thy salutation honey-sweet ;
But as the one hath no such property,
So is the other most satirical.
Yet wot how I regard thy worthless taunts.
If thou have uttered them to foil my fame,
Or dim the reputation of my birth,
Know that thy wolfish barking cannot hurt :
If slyly to insinuate with the world,
And with a strumpet's artificial line²
To paint thy vicious and deformed cause,
Be well assur'd the counterfeit will fade,
And in the end thy foul defects be seen.
But if thou did'st it to provoke me on,
As who should say I were but timorous,
Or coldly negligent did need a spur,
Bethink thyself how slack I was at sea ;
Now, since my landing, I have won no towns,
Enter'd no further but upon thy coast,
And there have ever since securely slept.
But if I have been otherwise employed,
Imagine, Valois, whether I intend
To skirmish not for pillage, but for the crown
Which thou dost wear ; and that I vow to have,
Or one of us shall fall into his grave.

P. Edw. Look not for crosses invectives at our hands,

² "Strumpet's artificial line" may be right, but *hue* might easily be misread "line".

Or railing execrations of despight.
Let creeping serpents, hid in hollow banks,
Sting with their tongues : we have remorseless swords,
And they shall plead for us and our affairs.
Yet thus much briefly, by my father's leave :
As all the immodest poison of thy throat
Is scandalous and most notorious lies,
And our pretended quarrel is truly just,
So end the battle when we meet to-day,
May either of us prosper and prevail,
Or luckless curst³ receive eternal shame.

K. Edw. That needs no further question ; and I know
His conscience witnesseth it is my right.
Therefore, Valois, say wilt thou yet resign,
Before the sickles thrust into the corn,
Or that enkindled fury turn⁴ to flame.

K. John. Edward, I know what right thou hast in France,
And ere I basely will resign my crown,
This champain field shall be a pool of blood,
And all our prospect as a slaughter house.

P. Edw. Ay, that approves thee, tyrant, what thou art :
No father, king or shepherd of thy realm,
But one that tears her entrails with thy hands,
And, like a thirsty tiger, suck'eth her blood.

Aud. You peers of France, why do you follow him
That is so prodigal to spend your lives ?

P. Cha. Whom should they follow, aged impotent,
But him that is their true-born sovereign ?

K. Edw. Upbraid'eth thou him, because within his face

³ "Or luckless curst", possibly ought to be *crost*.

⁴ It is "*turn'd* to flame" in the original.

Time hath engrav'd deep characters of age ?
Know that these grave scholars of experience,
Like stiff-grown oaks, will stand immovable
When whirlwind quickly turns up younger trees.

Derb. Was ever any of thy father's house
King, but thyself, before this present time ?
Edward's great lineage, by the mother's side,
Five hundred years hath held the sceptre up.
Judge, then, conspirators, by this descent,
Which is the true-born sovereign, this or that ?

P. Phi. Father, range your battles : prate no more.
These English fain would spend the time in words,
That, night approaching, they might scape unfought.

K. John. Lords and my loving subjects, now's the time
That your intended force must bide the touch :
Therefore, my friends, consider this in brief.
He that you fight for is your natural king :
He against whom you fight a foreigner.
He that you fight for rules in clemency,
And reins you with a mild and gentle bit.
He against whom you fight, if he prevail,
Will straight enthrone himself in tyranny,
Make slaves of you, and with a heavy hand
Curtail and curb your sweetest liberty.
Then, to protect your country and your king
Let but the haughty courage of your hearts
Answer the number of your able hands,
And we shall quickly chase these fugitives.
For what's this Edward but a belly god,
A tender and lascivious wantonness,
That tother day was almost dead for love ?

And what, I pray you, is his goodly guard ?
Such as, but scant them of their chines of beef,
And take away their downy feather beds,
And presently they are as refty stiff,
As twere a many over-ridden jades.
Then, Frenchmen, scorn that such should be your lords,
And rather bind ye them in captive bands.

Fre. Vive le roi ! God save King John of France !

K. John. Now, on this plain of Cressy spread yourselves.
And, Edward, when thou dar'st, begin the fight.

[Exeunt K. JOHN, his friends and forces.]

K. Edw. We presently will meet thee, John of France.
And, English lords, let us resolve this day,
Either to clear us of that scandalous crime,
Or be entombed in our innocence.—
And, Ned, because this battle is the first
That ever yet thou fought'st in pitched field,
As ancient custom is of martialists,
To dub thee with the type of chivalry,
In solemn manner we will give thee arms.
Come, therefore, heralds : orderly bring forth
A strong attirement for the Prince, my son.

[Flourish. Enter four Heralds with coat armour, helmet, lance and shield. The first Herald delivers the armour to K. EDWARD, who invests his son with it.]

K. Edw. Edward Plantaganet : in the name of God
As with this armour I impall thy breast,
So be thy noble unrelenting heart
Wall'd in with flint of matchless fortitude,

That never base affections enter there.

Fight and be valiant : conquer where thou comest !—

Now, follow lords, and do him honour too.

Derby (with the helmet.) Edward Plantagenet, Prince of
Wales,

As I do set this helmet on thy head,

Wherewith the chamber of thy brain is fenced,

So may thy temples with Bellona's hand

Be still adorn'd with laurel victory.

Fight and be valiant : conquer where thou comest !

Aud. (with the lance.) Edward Plantagenet, Prince of
Wales,

Receive this lance into thy manlike hand :

Use it in fashion of a brazen pen,

To draw forth bloody stratagems in France,

And print thy valiant deeds in honour's book.

Fight and be valiant : conquer where thou comest !

Art. (with the shield.) Edward Plantagenet, Prince of
Wales,

Hold : take this target, wear it on thy arm ;

And may the view thereof, like Perfeus' shield,

Astonish and transform thy gazing foes

To senseless images of meager death.

Fight and be valiant : conquer where thou comest !

K. Edw. Now wants there nought but knighthood, which
deferred

We leave, till thou hast won it in the field.

P. Edw. My gracious father, and ye forward peers,

This honour you have done me animates,

And cheers my green yet scarce appearing strength

With comfortable good prefaging signs :

No otherwise than did old Jacob's words,
When as he breathed his blessings on his sons.
These hallow'd gifts of yours when I prophane,
Or use them not to glory of my God,
To patronage the fatherless and poor,
Or for the benefit of England's peace,
Be numb my joints, wax feeble both mine arms,
Wither my heart! that, like a sapless tree,
I may remain the map of infamy!

K. Edw. Then, thus our steeled battle shall be rang'd.
The leading of the vaward, Ned, is thine;
To dignify whose lusty spirit the more,
We temper it with Audley's gravity,
That courage and experience join'd in one,
Your manage may be second unto none.
For the main battles I will guide myself;
And Derby in the rereward march behind.
That orderly dispos'd and set in ray,
Let us to horse; and God grant us the day!

[*Flourish. Exeunt omnes.*]

SCENE IV.

The Plains of Creffy. Alarums. Enter many Frenchmen, flying, the PRINCE and English pursuing; and exeunt omnes. Enter K. JOHN and LORAINÉ.

K. John. O Lorainé! say, what mean our men to fly?
Our number is far greater than our foes.

Lor. The garrison of Genoesé, my lord,
That came from Paris, weary with their march,
Grudging to be so suddenly employed,

No sooner in the forefront took their place,
But straight retiring so dismayed the rest,
As likewise they betook themselves to flight :
In which, for haste to make a safe escape,
More in the clustering throng are pressed to death,
Than by the enemy a thousand fold.

K. John. O hapless fortune ! Let us yet essay
If we can counsel some of them to stay. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

The same. Drums. Enter KING EDWARD and AUDLEY.

K. Edw. Lord Audley, while our son is in the chase,
Withdraw your powers unto this little hill ;
And here a season let us breathe ourselves.

Aud. I will, my lord. [*Exit. Retreat sounded.*]

K. Edw. Just dooming heaven, whose secret providence
To our gross judgment is inscrutable,
How are we bound to praise thy wondrous works,
That hast this day given way unto the right,
And made the wicked stumble at themselves !

Enter ARTOIS, in great haste.

Art. Rescue, King Edward ! rescue for thy son !

K. Edw. Rescue, Artois ? What ! is he prisoner,
Or by violence fell beside his horse ?

Aud. Neither, my lord ; but narrowly beset
With turning Frenchmen, whom he did pursue,
As 'tis impossible that he should scape,
Except your highness presently descend.

K. Edw. Tut ! let him fight : we gave him arms to-day,
And he is labouring for a knighthood, man.

Enter DERBY, in all haste.

Derb. The prince, my lord ! the prince ! O, succour him !
He's close encompass'd with a world of odds.

K. Edw. Then will he win a world of honour, too,
If he by valour can redeem him thence ;
If not, what remedy ? We have more sons
Than one to comfort our declining age.

Re-enter AUDLEY, in haste.

Aud. Renowned Edward, give me leave, I pray,
To lead my foldiers where I may relieve
Your grace's son, in danger to be slain.
The snares of French, like emmets on a bank,
Muster about him ; whilst he, lion-like,
Entangled in the net of their assaults,
Frantically rends and bites the woven toil ;
But all in vain : he cannot free himself.

K. Edw. Audley content : I will not have a man,
On pain of death, sent forth to succour him.
This is the day ordain'd by destiny
To season his courage with those grievous thoughts,
That if he breath out⁵ Nestor's years on earth
Will make him favour still of this exploit.

Derb. Ah ! but he shall not live to see those days.

K. Edw. Why then, his epitaph is lasting praise.

Aud. Yet, my good lord, 'tis too much wilfulness,
To let his blood be spilt that may be saved.

K. Edw. Exclaim no more ; for none of you can tell

⁵ "That if he breath out" is *breaketh* out, in the copies of 1596 and 1599, which Capell preserved : the previous line he prints thus, and it may be right, "To season his *green* courage, etc."

Whether a borrow'd aid will serve, or no.
Perhaps he is already slain or ta'en :
And dare a falcon when she's in her flight,
And ever after she'll be haggard-like.
Let Edward be deliver'd by our hands,
And still in danger he'll expect the like ;
But if himself himself redeem from thence,
He will have vanquish'd, cheerful, death and fear,
And ever after dread their force no more,
Than if they were but babes, or captive slaves.

Aud. O cruel father ! Farewel Edward, then.

Derby. Farewel, sweet Prince, the hope of chivalry !

Edw. But soft ! methinks I hear
The dismal charge of trumpets loud retreat.

[Retreat sounded.

All are not slain, I hope, that went with him :
Some will return with tidings, good or bad.

[*Flourish.* Enter PRINCE EDWARD in triumph,
bearing in his hand his shivered lance : his sword
and battered armour carried before him, and the
body of the KING OF BOHEMIA, wrapt in the
colours. The Lords rush to embrace him.

Aud. O joyful sight ! Victorious Edward lives !

Derb. Welcome, brave Prince !

K. Edw. Welcome, Plantagenet ! [Embracing him.

P. Edw. First having done my duty as befeemed,
[Kneeling and kissing his father's hand.

Lords, I greet you all with hearty thanks.
And now behold, after my winter's toil,
My painful voyage on the boist'rous sea

Of war's devouring gulfs and steely rocks,
I bring my fraught unto the wished port,
My summer's hope, my travel's sweet reward.
And here with humble duty I present
This sacrifice, the first fruit of my sword,
Cropp'd and cut down even at the gate of death.
The King of Boheme, father, whom I slew;
Who you said had entrench'd me round about,
And lay as thick upon my batter'd crest,
As on an anvil, with their ponderous glaives.
Yet marble courage still did underprop;
And when my weary arms with often blows,
Like the continual labouring woodman's axe,
That is enjoin'd to fell a load of oaks,
Would recover, straight I would remember
My gifts you gave me, and my zealous vow :
And then new courage made me fresh again ;
That in despite I carv'd my passage forth,
And put the multitude to speedy flight.
Lo ! thus has Edward's hand fill'd your request,
And done, I hope, the duty of a knight.

K. Edw. Ay, well thou hast deserv'd a knighthood, Ned ;
And therefore with thy sword, yet reeking warm

*[Taking it from a Soldier, and laying it on the
shoulder of the kneeling PRINCE.]*

With blood of those who fought to be thy bane,
Arise, Prince Edward, trusty knight in arms.
This day thou hast confounded me with joy,
And prov'd thyself fit heir unto a king.

P. Edw. Here is a note, my gracious lord, of those
That in this conflict of our foes were slain :

Eleven princes of esteem ; fourscore
Barons ; a hundred and twenty knights,
And thirty thousand private foldiers ;
And of our men a thousand.

K. Edw. Our God be prais'd !—Now, John of France, I
hope

Thou know'st King Edward for no wantonness,
No love-sick cockney, nor his foldiers jades.
But which way is the fearful king escaped ?

P. Edw. Towards Poitiers, noble father, and his sons.

K. Edw. Ned, thou and Audley shall pursue them still ;
Myself and Derby will to Calais straight,
And there begirt that haven town with siege.
Now lies it on an upshot : therefore strike,
And wisely follow while the game's on foot.
What picture's this ? [*Pointing to the colours.*

P. Edw. A pelican, my lord,
Wounding her bosom with her crooked beak,
That so her nest of young ones may be fed
With drops of blood that issue from her heart ;
The motto, *Sic et vos*—" And so should you."

[*Flourish. Exeunt omnes in triumph.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Brittany. The English Camp.

*Enter SALISBURY, and MONTFORT, the latter attended, with
a coronet in his hand.*

Mont. My lord of Salisbury, since by your aid
Mine enemy, Sir Charles of Blois, is slain,

And I again am quietly possessed
In Bretagne's dukedom, know that I resolve,
For this kind furtherance of your king and you,
To swear allegiance to his majesty :
In sign whereof receive this coronet ;
Bear it unto him, and, withal, my oath,
Never to be but Edward's faithful friend.

Sal. I take it, Montfort. Thus I hope, ere long,
The whole dominions of the realm of France
Will be surrendered to his conquering hand.

[*Exeunt MONTFORT and followers.*

Now, if I knew but safely how to pass,
I would at Calais gladly meet his grace,
Whither, I am by letters certified,
That he intends to have his host removed.
It shall be so : this policy will serve.—
Ho ! who's within ?—Bring Villiers to me.

[*VILLIERS brought in.*

Villiers, thou know'st thou art my prisoner,
And that I might for ransom, if I would,
Require of thee an hundred thousand franks,
Or else retain, and keep thee captive still :
But so it is, that, for a smaller charge,
Thou may'st be quit, an if thou wilt thyself.
And this it is : Procure me but a passport
Of Charles, the Duke of Normandy, that I
Without restraint may have recourse to Calais,
Through all the countries where he hath to do :
Which thou may'st easily obtain, I think,
By reason I have often heard thee say,
He and thou were students once together,

And then thyself shall be at liberty.

How say'st thou? wilt thou undertake to do it?

Vill. I will, my lord; but I must speak with him.

Sal. Why, so thou shalt: take horse and post from hence.
Only before thou go'st, swear by thy faith,
That if thou canst not compass my desire,
Thou wilt return, my prisoner, back again;
And that shall be sufficient warrant for thee.

Vill. To that condition I agree, my lord,
And will unfeignedly perform the same.

Sal. Farewel, Villiers. *[Exit VILLIERS.]*
Thus once I mean to try a Frenchman's faith.

SCENE II.

Picardy, and the English Camp near Calais.

Enter KING EDWARD, DERBY and Soldiers.

K. Edw. Since they refuse our proffer'd league, my lord,
And will not ope the gates and let us in,
We will intrench ourselves on every side,
That neither victuals, nor supply of men
May come to succour this accursed town:
Famine shall combat where our swords are stopt.

Derb. The promis'd aid, that made them stand aloof,
Is now retir'd, and gone another way:
It will repent them of their stubborn will.

Enter divers poor FRENCHMEN.

But what are these poor ragged slaves, my lord?

K. Edw. Ask what they are: it seems they come from
Calais.

Derb. You wretched patterns of despair and woe,

What are ye ? living men, or gliding ghoshts,
Crept from your graves to walk upon the earth ?

1 *Fr.* No ghoshts, my lord, but men that breath a life
Far worfe than is the quiet sleep of death.
We are distressed poor inhabitants
That long have been diseased, sick, and lame ;
And now, because we are not fit to serve,
The captain of the town hath thrust us forth,
That so expense of victuals may be saved.

K. Edw. A charitable deed no doubt, and worthy
praise.

But how do you imagine then to speed ?
We are your enemies : in such a case
We can no less but put you to the sword,
Since, when we proffer'd truce, it was refused.

2 *Fr.* An if your grace no otherwise vouchsafe,
As welcome death is unto us as life.

K. Edw. Poor filly men, much wrong'd and more
distressed !

Go, Derby, go, and see they be relieved ;
Command that victuals be appointed them,
And give to every one five crowns apiece.

[*Exeunt* DERBY and FRENCHMEN.

The lion scorns to touch the yielding prey,
And Edward's sword must fresh⁶ itself in such
As wilful stubbornness hath made perverse.

Enter the LORD PERCY.

Lord Percy, welcome ! What's the news from England ?

⁶ "Must fresh itself": so in both quartos of 1596 and 1599, but, possibly, a misprint for *flesh*.

Per. The queen, my lord, commends her⁷ to your grace,
And from her highness, and the lord vice-gerent,
I bring this happy tidings of success.
David of Scotland, lately up in arms,
(Thinking, belike, he soonest should prevail,
Your highness being absent from the realm)
Is by the faithful service of your peers,
And painful travel of the queen herself,
That, big with child, was every day in arms,
Vanquish'd, subdued, and taken prisoner.

K. Edw. Thanks, Percy, for thy news with all my heart.
What was he took him prisoner in the field?

Per. A squire, my lord; John Copland is his name,
Who since, entreated by her majesty,
Denies to make surrender of his prize
To any, but unto your grace alone:
Whereat the queen is grievously displeased.

K. Edw. Well then, we'll have a pursuivant dispatched,
To summon Copland hither out of hand;
And with him he shall bring his prisoner king.

Per. The queen's, my lord, herself by this at sea,
And purposeth, as soon as wind will serve,
To land at Calais and to visit you.

K. Edw. She shall be welcome; and to wait her
coming,
I'll pitch my tent near to the sandy shore.

Enter a FRENCH CAPTAIN.

F. Capt. The burgeses of Calais, mighty king,
Have by a council willingly decreed

⁷ "Commends her." *Comes here*, in the old copies. Capell's emendation, but perhaps not absolutely necessary.

To yield the town and castle to your hands,
Upon condition, it will please your grace
To grant them benefit of life and goods.

K. Edw. They will so : then, belike, they may command,
Dispose, elect; and govern as they list.
No, sirrah ; tell them, since they did refuse
Our princely clemency at first proclaimed,
They shall not have it now, although they would.
I will accept of nought but fire and sword,
Except, within these two days, six of them
That are the wealthiest merchants in the town,
Come naked all but for their linen shirts,
With each a halter hang'd about his neck,
And prostrate yield themselves upon their knees,
To be afflicted, hang'd, or what I please.
And so you may inform their masterhips.

[*Exeunt* KING EDWARD and PERCY.]

F. Capt. Why this it is to trust a broken staff.
Had we not been persuaded, John our king
Would with his army have reliev'd the town,
We had not stood upon defiance so.
But now 'tis past that no man can recall ;
And better some do go to wrack than all. [Exit.]

SCENE III. *Poitou.*

*The French Camp in the fields near Poitiers. The Tent of
the DUKE OF NORMANDY.*

Enter PRINCE CHARLES and VILLIERS.

P. Cha. I wonder, Villiers, thou should'st importune me
For one that is our deadly enemy.

Vil. Not for his sake, my gracious lord, so much
Am I become an earnest advocate,
As that thereby my ransom will be quit.

P. Cha. Thy ransom, man! Why needst thou talk of that?
Art thou not free? and are not all occasions
That happen for advantage of our foes,⁸
To be accepted of, and stood upon?

Vil. No, good my lord, except the same be just;
For profit must with honour be commixed,
Or else our actions are but scandalous.
But letting pass these intricate objections,
Wilt please your highness to subscribe or no?

P. Cha. Villiers, I will not, nor I cannot do it:
Salisbury shall not have his will so much
To claim a passport how it pleaseth himself.

Vil. Why, then I know the extremity, my lord:
I must return to prison, whence I came.

P. Cha. Return! I hope thou wilt not.
What bird that hath escap'd the fowler's gin,
Will not beware how she's ensnar'd again?
Or what is he so senseless and secure,
That having hardly pass'd a dangerous gulf,
Will put himself in peril there again?

Vil. Ah! but it is my oath, my gracious lord,
Which I in conscience may not violate,
Or else a kingdom should not draw me hence.

P. Cha. Thine oath? why, that doth bind thee to abide.
Hast thou not sworn obedience to thy prince?

Vil. In all things that uprightly he commands:

⁸ "For advantage of our foes." Ought we not to read, "For advantage *over* foes"? Both quartos, however, agree with our text.

But either to persuade or threaten me
Not to perform the covenant of my word
Is lawless, and I need not to obey.

P. Cha. Why, is it lawful for a man to kill,
And not to break a promise with his foe ?

Vil. To kill, my lord, when war is once proclaimed,
So that our quarrel be for wrongs received,
No doubt, is lawfully permitted us ;
But in an oath we must be well advised
How we do swear ; and when we once have sworn,
Not to infringe it though we die therefore.
Therefore, my lord, as willing I return
As if I were to fly to paradise. [Going.]

P. Cha. Stay, my Villiers ! Thy honourable mind
Deserves to be eternally admired.
Thy suit shall be no longer thus deferred :
Give me the paper, I'll subscribe to it. [Signing it.]
And wheretofore I lov'd thee as Villiers,
Hereafter I'll embrace thee as myself.
Stay, and be still in favour with thy lord.

Vil. I humbly thank your grace. I must dispatch,
And send this passport first unto the earl,
And then I will attend your highness' pleasure. [Exit.]

P. Cha. Do so, Villiers : and Charles when he hath need,
Be such his soldiers, howsoever he speed.

Enter KING JOHN.

K. John. Come, Charles, and arm thee. Edward is entrapped :

The Prince of Wales has fallen in our hands,
And we have compass'd him. He cannot scape.

P. Cha. But will your highness fight to-day ?

K. John. What else, my son? He's scarce eight thousand strong,

And we are three score thousand at the least.

P. Cha. I have a prophecy, my gracious lord,

Wherein is written what success is like

To happen us in this outrageous war:

It was delivered me at Cressy field,

By one that is an aged hermit there. [*Reads.*

“When feather'd fowl shall make thine army tremble,

And flint stones rise, and break the battle ray,

Then think on him that doth not now dissemble;

For that shall be the hapless dreadful day:

Yet in the end, thy foot thou shalt advance

As far in England, as thy foe in France.”

K. John. By this, it seems, we shall be fortunate;

For as it is impossible that stones

Should ever rise, and break the battle ray,

Or airy fowl make men in arms to quake,

So is it like we shall not be subdued.

Or say, this might be true, yet in the end,

Since he doth promise we shall drive him hence,

And forage their country as they have done ours,

By this revenge that loss will seem the less.

But all are frivolous fancies, toys and dreams:

Once we are sure we have ensnar'd the son,

Catch we the father after how we can. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The English Camp near Poitiers.

Enter PRINCE EDWARD, AUDLEY, *and others.*

P. Edw. Audley, the arms of death embrace us round,

And comfort have we none, save that to die
We pay our earnest for a sweeter life.
At Cressy field our clouds of warlike smoke
Choak'd up those French mouths, and dissever'd them ;
But now their multitudes of millions hide,
Masking, as 'twere, the beauteous burning sun,
Leaving no hope to us but fullen dark,
And eyeless terror of all ending night.

Aud. This sudden, mighty, and expedient head
That they have made, fair prince, is wonderful.
Before us in the valley lies the king,
Vantag'd with all that heaven and earth can yield ;
His party stronger battled than our whole :
His son, the braving Duke of Normandy,
Hath trimm'd the mountain on our right hand up
In shining plate, that now the aspiring hill
Shews like a silver quarry, or an orb ;
Aloft the which the banners, bannerets,
And new replenish'd pendants cuff the air,
And beat the winds, that for their gaudiness
Struggle to kiss them : on our left hand lies
Philip, the younger issue of the king,
Coating the other hill in such array,
That all his gilded upright pikes do seem
Strait trees of gold,⁹ with pendant leaves,
And their device of antique heraldry,
Quarter'd in colours, seeming sundry fruits,
Makes it the orchard of the Hesperides.

⁹ "Straight trees of gold with pendant leaves". In the original editions "with" is *the*, and Capell added *streamers* to make up the measure of the line.

Behind us, too, the hill doth bear¹ his height
(For like a half moon, opening but one way,
It rounds us in); there at our backs are lodged
The fatal cros-bows; and the battle there
Is govern'd by the rough Chatillion.
Then, thus it stands: the valley for our fight
The king binds in; the hills on either hand
Are proudly royalized by his sons;
And on the hill behind stands certain death
In pay and service with Chatillion.

P. Edw. Death's name is much more mighty than his
deeds:

Thy parcelling this power hath made it more.
As many sands as these my hand can hold
Are but my handful of so many sands:
Then all the world, and call it but one power,
Easily ta'en up, and quickly thrown away:
But if I stand to count them, sand by sand,
The number would confound my memory,
And make a thousand millions of a task,
Which, briefly, is no more indeed than one.
These quarters, squadrons, and these regiments,
Before, behind us, and on either hand,
Are but a power. When we name a man,
His hand, his foot, his head have several strengths;
And being all but one self instant strength,
Why, all this many, Audley, is but one,
And we can call it all but one man's strength.
He that hath far to go, tells it by miles;

¹ "the hill doth *bear* his height": perhaps "*rear* his height", but alteration is not required.

If he should tell the steps, it kills his heart.
The drops are infinite that make a flood,
And yet, thou know'st, we call it but a rain.
There is but one France, one King of France,
That France has no more kings, and that same king
Hath but the puissant legion of one king ;
And we have one. Then, apprehend no odds,
For one to one is fair equality.

Enter a HERALD.

What tidings, messenger ? Be plain and brief.

Her. The King of France, my sovereign lord and master,
Greeteth by me his foe, the Prince of Wales.
If thou call^s forth an hundred men of name,
Of lords, knights, squires and English gentlemen,
And with thyself and those kneel at his feet,
He straight will fold his bloody colours up,
And ransom shall redeem lives forfeited :
If not, this day shall drink more English blood,
Than e'er was buried in our British earth.
What is the answer to his proffer'd mercy ?

P. Edw. This heaven that covers France contains the
mercy
That draws from me submissive orisons ;
That such base breath should vanish from my lips
To urge the plea of mercy to a man,
The Lord forbid.—Return, and tell thy king,
My tongue is made of steel, and it shall beg
My mercy on his coward burgonet :

* “ If thou call forth”: so the old text, but possibly we ought to read *call* for “call”. The preceding line only requires “greeteth” for *greet*s: Capell printed “Greets *thus*”, etc.

Tell him, my colours are as red as his,
My men as bold, our English arms as strong.
Return him my defiance in his face.

Her. I go.

[*Exit* HERALD.]

Enter a second HERALD.

P. Edw. What news with thee ?

Her. The Duke of Normandy, my lord and master,
Pitying thy youth is so engirt with peril,
By me hath sent a nimble-jointed jennet,
As swift as ever yet thou didst bestride,
And therewithal he counsels thee to fly,
Else death himself hath sworn that thou shalt die.

P. Edw. Back with the beast unto the beast that sent
him,

Tell him, I cannot fit a coward's horse :
Bid him to-day bestride the jade himself,
For I will stain my horse quite o'er with blood,
And double gild my spurs but I will catch him.
So tell the carping boy, and get thee gone.

[*Exit* HERALD.]

Enter a third HERALD.

Her. Edward of Wales: Philip, the second son
To the most mighty Christian King of France,
Seeing thy body's living date expired,
All full of charity and christian love,
Commends this book, full fraught with prayers,
To thy fair hand; and for thy hour of life
Entreats thee that thou meditate therein,
And arm thy soul for her long journey towards.
Thus have I done his bidding, and return.

P. Edw. Herald of Philip, greet thy lord from me.

All good that he can fend I can receive ;
But think'st thou not, the unadvised boy
Hath wrong'd himself in thus far tendering me ?
Haply, he cannot pray without the book ;
I think him no divine extemporal :
Then, render back this common-place of prayer
To do himself good in adversity.
Besides, he knows not my sin's quality,
And therefore knows no prayers for my avail.
Ere night his prayer may be, to pray to God
To put it in my heart to hear his prayer :
So tell the courtly wanton, and begone.

Her. I go.

[*Exit* HERALD.]

P. Edw. How confident their strength and number
makes them.

Now, Audley, sound those silver wings of thine,
And let those milk-white messengers of time
Shew thy time's learning in this dangerous time.
Thyself art bruif'd and bit with many broils,⁸
And stratagems forepast with iron pens
Are texted in thine honourable face :
Thou art a married man in this distrefs,
But danger woos me as a blushing maid.
Teach me an answer to this perilous time.

Aud. To die is all as common as to live ;
The one in choice the other holds in chafe ;
For from the instant we begin to live
We do pursue, and hunt the time to die.
First bud we, then we blow, and after seed ;

* "bruif'd and bit with many broils." The old editions read
busie and bit : Capell's emendation was *bruif'd and bent*.

Then presently we fall ; and as a shade
Follows the body, so we follow death.
If, then, we hunt for death, why do we fear it ?
If we fear it, why do we follow it ?
If we do fear, with fear we do but aid
The thing we fear to seize on us the sooner :
If we fear not, then no resolved proffer
Can overthrow the limit of our fate :
For whether ripe or rotten, drop we shall,
As we do draw the lottery of our doom.

P. Edw. Ah, good old man ! a thousand thousand
armours

These words of thine have buckled on my back.
Ah ! what an idiot thou hast made of life,
To seek the thing it fears ; and how disgraced
The imperial victory of murdering death,
Since all the lives his conquering arrows strike
Seek him, and he not them, to shame his glory.
I will not give a penny for a life,
Nor half a halfpenny to shun grim death ;
Since for to live is but to seek to die,
And dying but beginning of new life.
Let come the hour when he that rules it will,
To live or die I hold indifferent. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The French Camp.

Enter KING JOHN *and* PRINCE CHARLES.

K. John. A sudden darkness hath defac'd the sky,
The winds are crept into their caves for fear :

The leaves move not, the world is hush'd and still,
The birds cease singing, and the wandering brooks
Murmur no wonted greeting to their shores.
Silence attends some wonder, and expecteth
That heaven should pronounce some prophecy.
Where, or from whom proceeds this silence, Charles?

P. Cha. Our men with open mouths and staring eyes
Look on each other, as they did attend
Each other's words, and yet no creature speaks :
A tongue-tied fear hath made a midnight hour,
And speeches sleep through all the waking regions.

K. John. But now the pompous fun in all his pride
Look'd through his golden coach upon the world,
And on a sudden hath he hid himself,
That now the under earth is as a grave,
Dark, deadly, silent, and uncomfortable.

[*Croaking of ravens heard.*

Hark ! what a deadly outcry do I hear ?

P. Cha. Here comes my brother Philip.

K. John. All dismayed.

Enter PHILIP.

What fearful words are those thy looks preface ?

Phi. A flight ! a flight !

K. John. Coward, what flight ? Thou lyest ; there needs
no flight.

Phi. A flight !

K. John. Awake thy craven powers, and tell on
The substance of that very fear, indeed,
Which is so ghastly printed in thy face.
What is the matter ?

Phi. A flight of ugly ravens

Do croak and hover o'er our soldiers' heads,
And keep in triangles and corner'd squares
Right as our forces are embattel'd.
With their approach there came this sudden fog
Which now hath hid the airy floor of heaven,
And made at noon a night unnatural
Upon the quaking and dismayed world.
In brief, our soldiers have let fall their arms,
And stand like metamorphos'd images,
Bloodless and pale, one gazing on another.

K. John. Ay, now I call to mind the prophecy.
But I must give no entrance to a fear.
Return, and hearten up those yielding souls.
Tell them, the ravens, seeing them in arms,
So many fair against a famish'd few,
Come but to dine upon their handy-work,
And prey upon the carrion that they kill :
For when we see a horse laid down to die,
Although not dead, the ravenous birds
Sit watching the departure of his life :
Even so these ravens, for the carcases
Of those poor English that are mark'd to die,
Hover about ; and if they cry to us,
'Tis but for meat that we must kill for them.
Away ! and comfort up my soldiers,
And sound the trumpets, and at once dispatch
This little business of a silly fraud.

[*Exit* PHILIP.

[*Noise within.*

Enter a FRENCH CAPTAIN, with SALISBURY, a prisoner.

Fr. Cap. Behold, my liege, this knight and forty mo',
Of whom the better part are slain and fled,

With all endeavour fought to break our ranks,
And make their way to the encompass'd prince.
Dispose of him as please your majesty.

K. John. Go, and the next bough, soldier, that thou see'st
Disgrace it with his body presently ;
For I do hold a tree in France too good
To be the gallows of an English thief.

Sal. My lord of Normandy, I have your pass,
And warrant for my safety through this land.

P. Cha. Villiers procur'd it for thee, did he not ?

Sal. He did.

P. Cha. And it is current : thou shalt freely pass.

K. John. Ay, freely to the gallows to be hanged,
Without denial or impediment.
Away with him !

P. Cha. I hope your highness will not so disgrace me,
And dash the virtue of my seal at arms.
He hath my never broken name to shew,
Character'd with this princely hand of mine ;
And rather let me leave to be a prince
Than break the stable verdict of a prince.
I do beseech you, let him pass in quiet.

K. John. Thou and thy word lie both in my command :
What can'st thou promise that I cannot break ?
Which of these twain is greater infamy,
To disobey thy father, or thyself ?
Thy word, nor no man's, may exceed his power ;
Nor that same man doth never break his word,
That keeps it to the utmost of his power.
The breach of faith dwells in the foul's consent,
Which if thyself without consent do break,

Thou art not charged with the breach of faith.
Go hang him, for thy license lies in me,
And my constraint stands the excuse for thee.

P. Cha. What! am I not a foldier in my word?
Then, arms adieu, and let them fight that list.
Shall I not give my girdle from my waift,
But with a guardian I shall be controlled
To say I may not give my things away?
Upon my foul, had Edward, Prince of Wales,
Engag'd his word, writ down his noble hand,
For all your knights to pass his father's land,
The royal king, to grace his warlike son,
Would not alone safe conduct give to them,
But with all bounty feasted them and theirs.

K. John. Dwell'ft thou on precedents? Then be it so.—
Say, Englishman, of what degree thou art.

Sal. An earl in England, though a prisoner here,
And those that know me call me Salisbury.

K. John. Then Salisbury, say, whither thou art bound?

Sal. To Calais, where my liege, King Edward, is.

K. John. To Calais, Salisbury? Then to Calais pack,
And bid the king prepare a noble grave
To put his princely son, Black Edward, in.
And as thou travel'ft westward from this place,
Some two leagues hence there is a lofty hill
Whose top seems topless, for the embracing sky
Doth hide his high head in her azure bosom;
Upon whose tall top when thy foot attains,
Look back upon the humble vale below
(Humble of late, but now made proud with arms),
And thence behold the wretched Prince of Wales

Hoop'd with a band of iron round about.
After which fight to Calais spur amain,
And say the Prince was smother'd, and not slain :
And tell the king this is not all his ill,
For I will greet him ere he thinks I will.
Away, begone ! The smoke but of our shot
Will choke our foes, though bullets hit them not.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE VI.

A Field of Battle. Alarums and skirmishing.

Enter PRINCE EDWARD and ARTOIS.

Art. How fares your grace ? Are you not shot, my lord ?

P. Edw. No, dear Artois, but chok'd with dust and smoke,

And stept aside for breath and fresher air.

Art. Breathe, then, and to't again. The amazed French
Are quite distract with gazing on the crows ;
And were our quivers full of shafts again,
Your grace should see a glorious day of this.
O, for more arrows, Lord ! that is our want.

P. Edw. Courage, Artois ! a fig for feather'd shafts,
When feather'd fowls do bandy on our side.
What need we fight, and sweat, and keep a coil,
When railing crows out-scold our adversaries ?
Up, up Artois ! the ground itself is armed
With fire-containing⁴ flint : command our bows

⁴ The preposition *with* was inserted by Capell.

To hurl away their pretty colour'd yew,
And to't with stones. Away, Artois, away !
My soul doth prophesy we win the day. [*Exeunt.*
[*Alarums and skirmishing.*

Enter KING JOHN.

K. John. Our multitudes are in themselves confounded,
Dismayed and distraught. Swift-starting fear
Hath buzz'd a cold dismay through all our army,
And every petty disadvantage prompts
The fear-possessed abject soul to fly.
Myself, whose spirit is steel to their dull lead,
(What with recalling of the prophecy,
And that our native stones from English arms
Rebel against us) find myself attainted
With strong surprise of weak and yielding fear.

Enter PRINCE CHARLES.

P. Cha. Fly, father, fly ! The French do kill the French !
Some that would stand let drive at some that fly :
Our drums strike nothing but discouragement,
Our trumpets sound dishonour and retire !
The spirit of fear that feareth nought but death,
Cowardly works confusion on itself.

Enter Prince PHILIP.

P. Phi. Pluck out your eyes, and see not this day's
shame !
An arm hath beat an army : one poor David
Hath with a stone foil'd twenty stout Goliaths :
Some twenty naked starvelings with small flints
Have driven back a puissant host of men,
Array'd and fenc'd in all accomplishments.

K. John. Mordieu ! they quoit at us, and kill us up.
No less than forty thousand wicked elders
Have forty lean slaves this day stoned to death.

P. Cha. O, that I were some other countryman !
This day hath set derision on the French,
And all the world will blurt and scorn at us.

K. John. What, is there no hope left ?

P. Phi. No hope but death to bury up our shame.

K. John. Make up once more with me : the twentieth
part

Of those that live are men enough to quail
The feeble handful on the adverse part.

P. Cha. Then, charge again : if heaven be not opposed,
We cannot lose the day.

K. John. On ! away ! [Exeunt.]

Alarums. Enter AUDLEY, wounded, and TWO ESQUIRES,
who rescued him.

1 *Esq.* How fares my lord ?

Aud. E'en as a man may do,
That dines at such a bloody feast as this.

2 *Esq.* I hope, my lord, that is no mortal scar.

Aud. No matter if it be : the count is cast,
And, in the worst, ends but a mortal man.
Good friends, convey me to the princely Edward,
That in the crimson bravery of my blood,
I may become him with saluting him :
I'll smile, and tell him that this open scar
Doth end the harvest of this Audley's war.

[Exeunt.]

[Alarums, and a retreat sounded.]

SCENE VII.

The English Camp. Flourish.

Enter PRINCE EDWARD *in triumph, with* KING JOHN *and* PRINCE CHARLES, *prisoners. Soldiers with ensigns, etc.*

P. Edw. Now John in France, and lately John of France,

Thy bloody ensigns are my captive colours;
And you, high vaunting Charles of Normandy,
That once to-day sent me a horse to fly
Are now the subjects of my clemency.

Fie lords! is't not a shame that English boys,
Whose early days are yet not worth a beard,
Should in the bosom of your kingdom thus,
One against twenty, beat you up together?

K. John. Thy fortune, not thy force, hath conquer'd us.

P. Edw. An argument that heaven aids the right.

Enter ARTOIS, *with* PRINCE PHILIP.

See, see! Artois doth bring along with him
The late good council-giver to my soul.—
Welcome, Artois; and welcome Philip, too:
Who now of you or I have need to pray?
Now is the proverb verified in you,
Too bright a morning breeds a lowering day.

Enter AUDLEY, *and the two* ESQUIRES.

But say what grim discouragement comes here?
Alas! what thousand armed men of France
Have writ that note of death in Audley's face?
Speak thou, that woo'st death with thy careless smile,
And look'st so merrily upon thy grave,
As if thou wert enamour'd on thy end,

What hungry sword hath so bewreath'd thy face,⁵
And lopp'd a true friend from my loving soul ?

Aud. O Prince ! thy sweet bemoaning speech to me
Is as a mournful knell to one dead-sick.

P. Edw. Dear Audley, if my tongue ring out thy end,
My arms shall be thy grave. What may I do
To win thy life, or to revenge thy death ?
If thou wilt drink the blood of captive kings ;
Or that it were restorative, command
A health of king's blood, and I'll drink to thee.
If honour may dispense for thee with death,
The never-dying honour of this day
Share wholly, Audley, to thyself, and live.

Aud. Victorious Prince ! that thou art so, behold
A Cæsar's fame in king's captivity,
If I could hold dim death but at a bay,
Till I did see my liege, thy royal father,⁶
My soul should yield this castle of my flesh,
This mangled tribute, with all willingness
To darkness, consumation, dust and worms.

P. Edw. Cheerly, bold man ! thy soul is all too proud
To yield her city for one little breach,
Should be divorced from her earthly spouse
By the soft temper of a Frenchman's sword.
Lo ! to repair thy life, I give to thee
Three thousand marks a year in English land.

⁵ "so bewreath'd thy face" is "*bereaved* thy face" in the two old copies ; but Audley had not been bereft of his face, but it was *bewreathed* in blood. Possibly, the old word might stand.

⁶ The old copies have *loyal* for "royal", and eight lines above *heath* for "health", merely accidental misprints.

Aud. I take thy gift, to pay the debts I owe :
These two poor squires redeem'd me from the French
With lusty and dear hazard of their lives :
What thou hast given to me, I give to them ;
And, as thou lov'st me, prince, lay thy consent
To this bequeath in my last testament.

P. Edw. Renowned Audley, live, and have from me
This gift twice doubled, to these squires and thee :
But live or die, what thou hast given away
To these and theirs shall lasting freedom stay.—
Come, gentlemen : I'll see my friend bestowed
Within an easy litter : then, we'll march
Proudly toward Calais with triumphant pace,
Unto my royal father ; and there bring
The tribute of my wars, fair France's king.

[*Exeunt omnes.* AUDLEY led out.]

ACT V.

The English Camp near Calais.

Enter KING EDWARD, *with* QUEEN PHILIPPA,
followed by DERBY, *officers and soldiers.*

K. Edw. No more, queen Philippe : pacify yourself :
Copland, except he can excuse his fault,
Shall find displeasure written in our looks.—
And now unto this proud resisting town.
Soldiers, assault ! I will no longer stay
To be deluded by their false delays.
Put all to sword, and make the spoil your own.

[*Trumpets sound a charge.*]

Enter six CITIZENS of Calais in their shirts, bare-footed, with halters about their necks.

Cit. Mercy, King Edward! mercy, gracious lord!

K. Edw. Contemtuons villains! Call ye now for truce?
Mine ears are stopp'd against your bootlefs cries.
Sound, drums! Draw threatening fwords! [*Alarum.*]

1 Cit. Ah! noble Prince,
Take pity on this town, and hear us, mighty king!
We claim the promise that your highness made.
The two days' respite is not yet expired,
And we are come, with willingness, to bear
What torturing death, or punishment you please,
So that the trembling multitude be saved.

K. Edw. My promise? Well, I do confess as much;
But I require the chiefest citizens,
And men of most account, that should submit:
You, peradventure, are but servile grooms,
Or some felonious robbers on the sea,
Whom, apprehended, law would execute,
Albeit severity lay dead in us.
No, no; ye cannot overreach us thus.

2 Cit. The sun, dread lord, that in the western fall
Beholds us now low brought through misery,
Did in the orient purple of the morn
Salute our coming forth, when we were known;
Or may our portion be with damned⁷ fiends.

K. Edw. If it be so, then let our covenant stand:

⁷ "With damned *fiends*": Capell, unwarrantably, and without his usual notice, substituted *friends* for "fiends" of both the old impressions of 1596 and 1599.

We take possession of this town in peace :
But for yourselves, look you for no remorse,
But as imperial justice hath decreed,
Your bodies shall be dragg'd about these walls,
And after feel the stroke of quartering steel.
This is your doom.—Go, soldiers, see it done.

Queen P. Ah! be more mild unto these yielding
men.

It is a glorious thing to 'stablish peace,
And kings approach the nearest unto God
By giving life and safety unto men.
As thou intendest to be King of France,
So let her people live to call thee king ;
For what the sword cuts down, or fire hath spoiled,
Is held in reputation none of ours.

K. Edw. Although experience teach us this is true,
That peaceful quietness brings most delight
When most of all abuses are controlled,
Yet in so much it shall be known, that we
As well can master our affections,
As conquer others by the dint of sword,
Philippe prevail : we yield to thy request.
These men shall live to boast of clemency ;
And, tyranny, strike terror to thyself.

Cit. Long live your highness ! happy be your reign !

K. Edw. Go, get you hence : return unto the town,
And if this kindness hath deserv'd your love,
Learn then to reverence Edward as your king.

[*Exeunt* CITIZENS.]

Now might we hear of our affairs abroad,
We would, till gloomy winter were o'erspent,

Dispose our men in garrison a while.—

But who comes here?

Enter COPLAND, with KING DAVID.

Derb. Copland, my lord; and David King of Scots.

K. Edw. Is this the proud presumptuous squire o' the north,

That would not yield his prisoner to my queen?

Cop. I am, my liege, a northern squire, indeed;
But neither proud, nor insolent, I trust.

K. Edw. What mov'd thee then to be so obstinate,
To contradict our royal queen's desire?⁸

Cop. No wilful disobedience, mighty lord,
But my desert, and public law of arms.
I took the king myself in single fight,
And, like a soldier, would be loth to lose
The least pre-eminence that I had won:
And Copland, straight upon your highness' charge,
Is come to France, and with a lowly mind,
Doth veil the bonnet of his victory.
Receive, dread lord, the custom of my freight,
The wealthy tribute of my labouring hands,
Which should long since have been surrender'd up,
Had but your gracious self been there in place.

Queen. But, Copland, thou didst scorn the king's command,

Neglecting our commission in his name.

Cop. His name I reverence, but his person more:
His name shall keep me in allegiance still,
But to his person I will bend my knee.

⁸ In both the old copies this speech is absurdly made part of Copland's reply.

K. Edw. I pray thee, Philippe, let displeasure pass.
This man doth please me, and I like his words ;
For what is he that will attempt high deeds,
And lose the glory that ensues the fame ?
All rivers have recourse unto the sea,
And Copland's faith relation to his king.—
Kneel therefore down : now, rise King Edward's knight ;
And to maintain thy state I freely give
Five hundred marks a year to thee and thine.

Enter SALISBURY.

Welcome, lord Salisbury ! What news from Bretagne ?

Sal. This, mighty king. The country we have won,
And John de Montfort, regent of that place,
Presents your highness with this coronet,
Protesting true allegiance to your grace.

K. Edw. We thank thee for thy service, valiant earl :
Challenge our favour, for we owe it thee.

Sal. But now, my lord, as this is joyful news,
So must my voice be tragical again,
And I must sing of doleful accidents.

K. Edw. What ! have our men the overthrow at Poitiers ?
Or is my son beset with too much odds ?

Sal. He was, my lord ; and as my worthless self,
With forty other serviceable knights,
Under safe conduct of the Dauphin's seal,
Did travel that way, finding him distressed,
A troop of lances met us on the way,
Surpris'd, and brought us prisoner to the king ;
Who proud of this, and eager for revenge,
Commanded straight to cut off all our heads :
And surely had we died, but that the duke,

More full of honour than his angry fire,
Procur'd our quick deliverance from thence :
But ere we went, "Salute your king", quoth he,
"Bid him provide a funeral for his son :
"To day our sword shall cut his thread of life ;
"And sooner than he thinks, we'll be with him,
"To quittance those displeasures he hath done."
This said, we pass'd, not daring to reply :
Our hearts were dead, our looks diffus'd and wan.
Wandering, at last we climb'd unto a hill,
From whence, although our grief were much before,
Yet now to see the occasion with our eyes
Did thrice so much increase our heaviness ;
For there, my lord, O ! there we did descry
Down in a valley how both armies lay.
The French had cast their trenches like a ring,
And every barricado's open front
Was thick emboss'd with brazen ordinance :
Here stood a battle of ten thousand horse,
There twice as many pikes in quadrant wise ;
Here crossbows armed, deadly wounding darts,
And in the midst, like to a slender point
Within the compass of the horizon,
As 'twere a rising bubble in the sea,
A hazel wand amidst a wood of pines,
Or as a bear fast chain'd unto a stake,
Stood famous Edward, still expecting when
Those dogs of France would fasten on his flesh.
Anon, the death-procuring knell begins :
Off go the cannons, that with trembling noise
Did shake the very mountain where they stood.

Then found the trumpets' clangors in the air :
The battles join ; and when we could no more
Discern the difference twixt the friend and foe,
(So intricate the dark confusion was)
Away we turn'd our watery eyes, with sighs
As black as powder fuming into smoke.
And thus, I fear, unhappy have I told
The most untimely tale of Edward's fall.

Queen. Ah me ! Is this my welcome into France ?
Is this the comfort that I looked to have,
When I should meet with my beloved son ?
Sweet Ned, I would thy mother in the sea
Had been prevented of this mortal grief.

K. Edw. Content thee, Philippe : 'tis not tears will serve
To call him back, if he be taken hence.
Comfort thyself, as I do, gentle queen,
With hope of sharp, unheard of, dire revenge.—
He bids me to provide his funeral,
And so I will ; but all the peers of France
Shall mourners be, and weep out bloody tears,
Until their empty veins be dry and fere.
The pillars of his hearse shall be his bones ;
The mould that covers him their city's ashes :
His knell the groaning cries of dying men,
And in the stead of tapers on his tomb,
An hundred lofty towers⁹ shall burning blaze,
While we bewail our valiant son's decease.

[Trumpets sound within.]

⁹ In the old copies and in Capell the text here is "An hundred *fifty* towers": "lofty", misread *fifty*, must have been Shakespeare's word. The mistake was easy ; and there was no reason why the king should here specify "an hundred fifty towers".

Enter a HERALD.

Her. Rejoice, my lord ! ascend the imperial throne !
The mighty and redoubted Prince of Wales,
Great servitor to bloody Mars in arms,
The Frenchman's terror, and his country's fame,
Triumphant rideth like a Roman peer :
And lowly at his stirrop comes afoot
King John of France, together with his son,
In captive bonds : whose diadem he brings
To crown thee with and to proclaim thee king.

K. Edw. Away with mourning ! Philippe, wipe thine
eyes.
Sound trumpets ! Welcome in Plantagenet !

[A grand flourish.]

*Enter PRINCE EDWARD, AUDLEY, ARTOIS, and Soldiers,
with KING JOHN and PRINCE PHILIP, prisoners.*

As things long lost, when they are found again,
So doth my son rejoice his father's heart,
For whom even now my soul was much perplexed.

[Embracing PRINCE EDWARD.]

Queen. Be this a token to express my joy,
For inward passions will not let me speak.

[Kissing the Prince.]

P. Edw. My gracious father, here receive the gift,
This wreath of conquest and reward of war,

[Presenting the Crown of France.]

Got with as mickle peril of our lives
As e'er was thing of price before this day :
Install your highness in your proper right.

And herewithal I render to your hands
These prisoners, chief occasion of our strife.

K. Edw. So, John of France, I see you keep your word :
You promis'd to be sooner with ourself
Than we did think for, and 'tis so indeed.
But had you done at first as now you do,
How many civil towns had stood untouched,
That now are turn'd to ragged heaps of stones !
How many people's lives might you have saved,
That are untimely sunk into their graves !

K. John. Edward, recount not things irrevocable.
Tell me what ransom thou requir'st to have ?

K. Edw. Thy ransom, John, hereafter shall be known ;
But first to England thou must cross the seas,
To see what entertainment it affords :
Howe'er it falls, it cannot be so bad
As ours hath been since we arriv'd in France.

K. John. Accursed man ! Of this I was foretold,
But did misconstrue what the prophet told.

P. Edw. Now, father, this petition Edward makes,
To thee whose grace hath been his strongest shield.

[*Kneeling.*

That as thy pleasure chose me for the man
To be the instrument to show thy power,
So thou wilt grant, that many princes more,
Bred and brought up within this little isle,
May still be famous for like victories !
And for my part, the bloody scars I bear,
The weary nights that I have watch'd in field,
The dangerous conflicts I have often had,
The fearful menaces were proffer'd me,

The heat and cold, and what else might displease,
I wish were now redoubled twenty fold,
So that hereafter ages, when they read
The painful traffic of my tender youth,
Might thereby be inflam'd with such resolve,
As not the territories of France alone,
But likewise Spain, Turkey, and what countries else,
That justly would provoke fair England's ire,
Might at their presence tremble and retire !

K. Edw. Here, English lords, we do proclaim a rest,
And interceasing of our painful arms.
Sheath up your swords, refresh your weary limbs,
Peruse your spoils ; and after we have breathed
A day or two within this haven town,
God willing, then for England we'll be shipped ;
Where, in a happy hour, I trust we shall
Arrive, three kings, two princes, and a queen.

FINIS.



